McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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JOYOUS EASTER SERVICES

Held by the Different Denominations in Smethport Sunday.

BEAUTIFUL MUSICAL PROGRAMS

Were Rendered by the Choirs and Large Congregations Assembled. Beautiful and Tasty Decorations—Day was Bright But Too Cold for the New Easter Toggery.

Easter Sunday was a bright but cold day and this coldness put a damper on the wearing of the usual light, spring toggery. Still as it was not stormy many exquisite and complicated designs of the milliner's art were in evidence.

The churches were all well filled with the Easter worshippers. Special festal music had been arranged by the choirs and the day was made a joyous one by the church going people.

AT ST. LUKE'S.

St. Luke's church was filled at all the services on Easter Day, over a hundred communicants being present at the 8 a. m. service. At the 10:30 service there was an unusually fine selection of festal music, including Tours' Service in F and the Easter anthem. "The Strife is O'er," by Custance. The rector made a short address on Psalm 118:24, "This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it." The floral decorations at the altars were lilies, daffodils, smilax and ferns, beautifully arranged by Miss Choate and Mrs. C. C. Choate. The memorial Font was decorated by Miss Young with many flowers—an army of potted plants forming a background. Holy Baptism was administered at the evening service. At the evening service the two choirs were combined, fifty being in the procession. Miss Helen Pancoast sang the solos in the magnificat and in the carols, which the junior choir sang after the talk to the children by the rector on the Easter Story and its lessons. The services of this Easter will not soon be forgotten by the large congregations which attended them. The offerings were for general missions and parish work. The children gave $48 at the evening service.

AT ST. ELIZABETH'S.

The first Easter in the new church was made most joyous by priest and people. The church had been beautifully ornamented for the resurrection day, the handsome gold and white altars were a bower of beauty tastily arrayed with potted plants, Easter lilies, roses, carnations and smilax. The service at 10:30 a. m. was attended by a congregation that filled this handsome edifice. A solemn high mass was observed and the sermon by the pastor, Rev. J. F. Dugan, was on the resurrection. After suffering and affliction—joy. Reference was made to how this congregation should rejoice after suffering the loss of their church by fire, and now was able to enjoy their beautiful new one. The evening service consisted of Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament with a short explanation of the teaching of the church on the veneration of images and especially the stations of the cross which represent the 14 principal events in our Lord's passion and death. The music as rendered by the choir at both services was of a high order of excellence and helped to make the day a happy one.

AT THE OTHER CHURCHES.

At the Baptist, Swedish Lutheran and Swedish Mission churches there were special festal services on Easter day, but as we have been unable to obtain a write-up of the services but brief mention can be made.

Death of Leon Hazen.

Leon Hazen, mention of whose death was briefly made in the MINER last week, was born in Sullivan county, N. Y., May 20, 1880, but the greater portion of his life was passed in Smethport. He had been employed in the window glass factories in this place for a number of years and was popular among his fellow workmen. His illness was but of brief duration, he being taken sick on Monday of last week and dying at about 11 o'clock Thursday morning.

On Oct. 24, 1906, Mr. Hazen was united in marriage at Olean, N. Y., to Miss Lillian Lynch of Smethport, who, together with a father, John Hazen, one brother, Alpheus Hazen, and two sisters, Mrs. T. J. McDermott and Miss Viola Hazen, all of this place, survive.

The funeral services were held at the Methodist Episcopal church on Saturday at 2 p. m., Rev. W. A. Harris officiating, and interment was made in Rose Hill cemetery.

Before buying a suit case or traveling bag call and look over my stock.
CHARLES LEMMLEIN.

Eldred Eagle Errs.

In the last issue, speaking of the dead man found in a vacant house at Larabee on March 24, the Eldred Eagle says: All efforts to get the coroner to act were futile and Wednesday the county commissioners furnished a rough box in which the remains were interred in the field back of the place where found, a truly Christian-like burial, indeed!

In this statement that paper erred. Superintendent J. C. Breneman of the County Home did all in his power in this matter. Owing to the nature of the remains it would have been impossible to have brought them to Smethport on the train, and as it was futile to attempt to drive to Smethport on account of the highway being covered with water he did the next best thing—gave the dead man a burial on the farm where he came to his death. And, too, according to Mr. Breneman, no rough box was used for a casket, but instead a plain but good coffin.

Taking everything into consideration every respect was shown to the dead man by Superintendent Breneman. He did what he thought was best and why either he or the commissioners should be blamed cannot be conjectured.

The following letter from the United States pension agency at Buffalo, received last Friday by the Eldred Eagle, discloses the unfortunate man's identity.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 28, 1907.

A. D. Gould,

Dear Sir:—In reply to yours of the 26th, I would say from what I gather from your letter I have no doubt the papers belong to Henry J. Smith, who was a private in 10th N. Y. Vol. Cav., pensioned under certificate No. 475,075, at $17 per month as the figures you give 3288189, correspond with the roll number, which is 33,831, and the page number, which is 80. The postoffice address of this pensioner when last paid was 51 Clinton St., Salamanca, N. Y.

Respectfully,
C. A. OER, Agent.

A son and son-in-law came to Eldred Saturday and identified the remains. They are of the opinion that the man was murdered and are tracing his movements since he left Salamanca. There is a possible chance that the man may have been foully dealt with, but it is more than likely that he caused his own death or that death came from natural causes.

Upon the request of his relatives the body was exhumed and Coroner Bret H. Hall went to Eldred this morning where an autopsy was held, the result of which is not yet known.

The Round Table Club.

At the meeting of the Round Table Club Monday evening in the Baptist church parlors the question of the evening, "Government Ownership and Control of Railroads," was opened by G. B. Mayo. He took the stand that government ownership would not be the best for the public and that if those who had the brains and ability to establish and make successful the running of railroads did not have the incentive of personal ownership they would not have the incentive to carry out to its fullest extent the possibilities which they would attain by personal ownership, and that while government ownership of railroads in Europe was successful conditions were so different in the United States that they could not be compared. After a general discussion of the question by the members present the majority voted in favor of the stand taken by Mr. Mayo.

Eldred Enthusiasts Will be Here.

Word has been received that Eldred has chartered a special train and is coming 185 strong to attend the contest on Friday, April 12, between Eldred High School and Smethport High School. This contest is for second place in the McKean County Literary League. The contestants who will represent the local high school are working diligently so that the contest is bound to be very interesting. The events are, debate, reading, essay and oration. The program will be interspersed with good music and plenty of enthusiasm. It is hoped that all the patrons of the schools will attend and thus encourage our representatives. The proceeds of the contest over and above the expenses will be used for school purposes. Reserved seats can be procured at Wells' Drug Store for 25 cents. They will be put on sale Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock.

Cheap Cost of Living.

Miss Christine Rose is home from the school at Rochester to pass Easter vacation with her parents. Miss Rose is one of the coterie of young women at the school who have solved the problem of living on fifteen cents a day. Miss Rose has actually been living on this amount for several weeks and she is a pretty healthy looking lass at that. The Rochester Chronicle had a column article on these young ladies' system of living one day last week, and it was most interesting. It will happen so by and by that even editors can live.—Port Allegany Reporter.

WANTED—Logs of all kinds. Remember we pay the highest cash price for logs delivered at our mill. Barrett and Co.

The Fair Has Started.

The annual fair of St. Elizabeth's church opened at the Lyceum Monday evening with a chicken supper. About one hundred and fifty persons partook of the feast of good things served by the ladies. The fair has started with a vim and the prospects are that it will be a most successful affair. The Lyceum has been tastefully arranged for the occasion, booths have been erected, where at a small cost, one can purchase fancy and useful articles, etc.

One of the features which seems to be a popular one is a booth to represent a postoffice where missives of love and otherwise can be redeemed for 5c. Here also the votes for the most popular lady are cast. Much rivalry has already cropped out and before the fair closes Saturday night this contest will wax exceedingly warm. Several candidates are already in the field, but it is not too late to enter a new candidate, and it is expected several new names will be entered Thursday evening. At the close of the fair Monday evening the count showed: Miss Ida Rubin, 235; Miss Agnes Barry, 140; Miss Sarah Greer, 75; Miss Maude Heath, 25, and Miss Alice Daly, 20. Each evening at midnight the result of the voting will be placed on the bulletin board. There is to be no partiality shown by the election board in this contest and it will be conducted in a fair and honest manner. The votes cost but a cent apiece and tickets can be secured good for 5, 10 or 25 votes. With each supper ticket and with every three dance tickets 5 of the voting contest votes are given.

The program for the remainder of the week is about as follows: Thursday evening, 8:15, a short musical program after which dancing, including old-tyme dances for ye old tyme people. Light lunches will be served during the entire evening. On Friday evening the entertainment will be given. The program will consist of dances, solos, choruses and one-act sketches and will be well worth liberal patronage. The prices for this entertainment are, lower floor, 50c; balcony, 25c. At the close of the entertainment dancing will be resumed and P. S. Curran will serve one of his famous clam chowder suppers on the stage. Saturday evening the fair will close. There will be supper at 5:30 followed by dancing, and before midnight the result of the soliciting and the voting contest will be made known.

Play Ball.

As spring and the warm weather advances the time for the familiar cry of "Play ball" also draws near. Within a few days the big leagues will begin the season's sport and soon after that the minor leagues and amateur baseball teams will get into the game and thousands upon thousands of fans will interestingly watch this popular national sport.

For many years Smethport has been represented on the diamond with a winning team—sometimes a team that was hard to defeat. During all these years the admirers of baseball in this borough have given the players and team most hearty support, but for many reasons this interest has been gradually on the wane until it was almost impossible to keep the finances of the team above water. Why this has been so nearly everyone knows and for that reason it is not mentioned in this article.

This town has the material for a baseball team that would be the envy of any town of the same size in the neighborhood and if nine or ten men could be gotten together who could be depended upon to play the game as well as they knew how it would be but a short time before the many fans and admirers would be on the ground and lend their aid to the team's support. They want to see baseball and are willing to pay for it, but they have lost faith.

The Smethport High School is organizing a team and are preparing to play a number of games before the school closes in June. Some of these youngsters with a little coaching could easily hold down a berth in the larger team if one was organized. Now is the time to start if there is to be any baseball in Smethport during the coming summer. All we need is a leader and who will start the movement?

Play ball.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending March 30, 1907:

Mrs. Olive Andrews, Shorman S. Furr, Mrs. Mable Higens, Miss R. McQueeney, Mrs. George Moride, Mrs. D. C. Raum.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Many goods at cost at store of D. C. Young to reduce stock for spring goods. Call and look over bargains.

For suit cases and traveling bags, the best at reasonable prices, go to
CHARLES LEMMLEIN.

H. C. Wells has a great display of [illegible] and [illegible]

LEGISLATURE ADJOURNMENT LATE IN MAY.

Senate Passed Concurrent Resolution to Adjourn May 2.

STOPPED AT PRESENT BY HOUSE.

Governor Stuart is Expected to Take Action on the Rate Bill To-Day—McKean Has Introduced Bill to Abolish Hanging—Other State Capitol News.

The Senate passed a concurrent resolution to adjourn finally on May 2nd. The resolution was immediately transmitted to the House where a resolution fixing May 26 for final adjournment was recently offered and laid over for the present.

Governor Stuart has until Thursday next in which to take action on the two-cent rate bill and it is said he will hold back until the last moment before announcing his action. The governor said that he expects to hear from the railroad companies against the bill, but he does not know whether they desire to appear by counsel or will submit a brief. He desires to be fair to all concerned and will hear both sides to the limit. During the progress of the measure through the legislature the governor declined to make any suggestion regarding the construction of it, but it is understood he is satisfied with it and that he thinks it will stand the test of the courts.

Representative J. A. McKean is of the opinion that the death penalty for murder should be done away with and has introduced a bill to that effect in the House. It has been many years since a bill of this character got into the legislature and then it was defeated in committee. By leave of the House Mr. McKean got in his bill, which provides that the punishment for all murder shall be imprisonment for life, at separate and solitary confinement, and the same punishment is to be meted out to aiders and abettors of murders. The bill also provides that persons under sentence of death at the time of the passage of this bill shall have their sentences commuted to imprisonment for life.

The free pass has at last cropped out in the legislature. It was late in coming but it is here—not the pass but a bill to compel railroad companies to issue it to state officials. Mr. Smith of Allegheny, is its father, and when he introduced it in the House a broad smile flitted over the faces of the members. It provides that carrying companies must give free passes to everybody in the state administration from the governor down, including judges of the courts, but they can only use them while traveling on official business.

There is no danger of the bill becoming a law.

After a storm of debate in the House Monday night a resolution which was offered by Cooper of Delaware, to abolish the printing of the legislative record, was continued until Tuesday afternoon. Habgood, chairman of the printing committee, had reported that the record is being printed according to contract, and the contract was secured legitimately. When Cooper sprung his resolution Habgood opposed it, not on the ground that he condoned the cost, but he was desirous of having the greatest publicity given legislative proceedings and the record was the proper medium for this purpose.

The Capitol investigation committee is still working hard on the proposed graft. Many charges of graft are being placed upon the head of Contractor Sanderson, who had the contract for furnishing the new capitol but whether he will be found guilty remains to be seen. Ex-Governor Pennypacker has signified his willingness to appear before the investigation committee.

Some Sensible Suggestions.

A good way to build up a town is for each and every man in it not to strive to rend and tear down. Whenever a man in the town is doing well do not try to tear him down. All the residents of a town are partners, not opponents. In all likelihood the more business done by your rival the more you will do. Every gentleman who treats his customer honestly, courteously and fairly, will get his share, says the South Bethlehem Globe, and the more business that can be secured by united efforts, the better it will be for all. When a town ceases to grow it commences to die, and the more the people try to kill off each other in their business and good name, the more rapidly will utter ruin come to all. Stand together for the advancement of every citizen. If a man shows ability to prosper do not pull him back with jealousy or weigh him down with cold indifference.

A suit case or a traveling bag makes an excellent gift for any time. My line is complete and [illegible]

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Prof. Ernest Baker, died at his home near Larabee on the 22nd of February, 1886, after a week's illness, from a disease of the brain. He was a brief caller at this office the day he was taken ill, and expected to be in Smethport again in two or three days when he promised to make a more extended call in company with Mrs. Baker. He left on the afternoon train for Larabee. Upon reaching there he complained of being very cold and hired a boy to take him to his home about two miles distant. On the way he complained of suffering intensely with the cold although it was not a very cold day. Upon reaching home he went to bed, where he remained until he died. He was conscious until a short time before his death, but was unable to speak after the first few hours of his illness. Drs. Balfour of Eldred and Long of Emporium held a consultation over the case as soon as they could get there after the professor reached home. The conclusion arrived at from their examination was that a blood vessel had burst in the brain and that the death of the patient was only a question of a short time. Mr. Baker was born in France a little more than fifty years ago. His family occupied a high social position and lived in wealth and luxury. He was liberally educated, traveled extensively and among his friends could be named numerous high born and titled persons. He studied art in Paris and was an intimate friend of Gustave Dove there being sketches in his portfolio drawn by that illustrious artist. Some years ago, by a sudden break of fortune Mr. Baker found himself dependent upon his brush (which had hitherto been used for pleasure only) for a livelihood. The change in his circumstances was accepted cheerfully, and up to the day that he was seized by fatal illness he has been an indefatigable worker. This gifted galileless, sweet-tempered christian gentleman was incapable of harboring malice. His life was blameless, his death peaceful. On the 26th day of February his body was laid away in the beautiful Limestone Hill Cemetery in Buffalo. Previously the burial service prescribed by the Catholic church had been conducted by several clergymen, old and devoted friends of Mr. Baker and his wife, and those whose presence at those sad offices showed honor to the dead and carried consolation to her who had her death in life. Mrs. Baker was formerly Mrs. Kate Potter of Larabee, but for the past twenty years has resided in New York city. The sympathy of a host of friends go out to her in her sad bereavement.

Mrs. Ella, wife of W. T. Irvin, Esq., died at her home on Marvin Creek, on Wednesday March 10, 1886, aged 35 years. Her remains were taken to Lock Haven for burial. She leaves a husband and two small children and a large circle of friends to mourn her early demise. She was a devoted loving wife and mother, and the family have the sympathy of the entire community in their deepest afflictions.

Mr. Gardner Barrett died at his home in Keating township, on Friday afternoon, March 12, 1886, at two o'clock in the 78 year of his age. He had been very much out of health for a long time and for months past his friends have been aware of the fact that his death was liable to happen any time.

Mr. Barrett was born in Bethlehem, New Hampshire, on the 23d day of December 1808. About the year 1831 he came to Oneida county, New York, in company with his brother Willis. In the following year they came to Canoe Place (now Port-Allegany) this county where their brother Thourlow and cousin, Solomon H. Barrett, were living. The latter gentleman, who is about the age of deceased cousin, still lives in that town. The brothers Gardner and Wallace, excelled as axmen and soon after reaching Canoe Place they took a job of the late Judge Sartwell, to cut a certain amount of cord wood in a given length of time, which seemed impossible to ordinary choppers. But they did the work in the time designated and at the end had nearly half a day for recreation. In the year 1833 the two brothers bought the Brewer property in Keating township which is on the old Smethport and Ridgway turn-pike, about four miles south of this place, and a mile east of Marvin Creek. There they lived together many years and cleared up one of the handsomest farms in Smethport or McKean county. Subsequently Willis bought the Nathaniel White farm which lies one mile nearer this place and down along the creek where he lived until he died, some years ago. In 1840 Gardner married Susannah Crow, then a prominent citizen of this place. She died the following year. In 1843 Mr. Barrett was again married to Elizabeth Cogswell, who survives him. They have had four children, John C., who is now living in Michigan, Dolly, who died in her youth, Geo. N., who now owns and is living on the Willis Barrett farm, and [illegible] who is a resident of this place.

citizens of Keating township, having through hard work and economy secured a competency. He was strictly conscientious and highly respected in this entire section of the country. The funeral services were held in the Methodist church in this place, (of which the deceased had been a consistent member for many years) on Sunday last at 2 p. m., Rev. Bradly officiating. The church was filled by the relatives and friends of the deceased who at the close of the service followed the remains of this devoted husband affectionate father and good citizen to the grave.

Did Not Work His Game.

Four days ago a big well dressed man with "gumdrop" written all over his face, arrived in town and put up at a leading hotel. He was not here long before a local man who has a sharp eye and a keen noodle got wise. He doped it out that the stranger was a card sharp so he kept his eyes and ears open. He soon discovered or found out that the stranger's lay was to land a sucker in a fake wire tapping scheme. He was approached by the man with the eagle eye and told that he was in a poor town for that sort of a thing and then the stranger gave up his story. He wanted a man with a thousand dollars to bet on a boss race. He had an expert telegraph operator whom he had in his employ would tap a wire that communicated with a Buffalo pool room hold up the result of a certain race, telephone a confederate in Buffalo, who with the Bradford man's money would bet on the race after which they would relay the result of it into the pool room, collect the money and split the proceeds. That is what he said the plans are. More likely it was to get the thousand, land one well directed blackjack bump on the victim's crock and float out of the village. But the victim came not. Yesterday afternoon while he was loafing around the hotel the stranger bought a Cleaveland Plain Dealer which informed him that five men had been arrested in that city on the charge of attempting to fleece an easy mark there and as this was his own gang he quickly paid his bill and got out of town on the 3:30 B. R. & P. train for Buffalo.—Bradford Star.

Free Scholarships in Nurse Training.

The Philadelphia School for Nurses has purchased large properties at 2319-25 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and will extend the benefits of the Free Course in Nursing to young women of every rural community and of the smaller towns and cities throughout the entire country.

The course is two years, but may be shortened to eighteen months by six months' reading and study at home.

The school provides room, board, nurse uniforms, gives full instruction, and pays the student's fare home at the end of the course.

A special short course is provided for those who cannot spend two years in the study but who wish to quickly prepare themselves for self support.

The object of those who are providing the funds for this work is to ultimately extend the benefits of skilled nursing to every village and township in the land.

Nearly 200 free scholarships will be available this year.

In accordance with the above provision three free scholarships in the two years' course have been assigned to McKean county. A class is forming to begin April 30th, 1907.

Applicants must be over eighteen years of age and adapted to the profession of nursing. The young women readers of this paper who desire to avail themselves of this opening should communicate with the school at once by letter.

Resolutions of Sympathy.

Whereas, in view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our sister, Maggie J. Hannold, and of the still heavier loss sustained by those nearest and dearest to her, therefore be it

Resolved, By Smethport Legion No. 1107, that while we bow in humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn for our dear sister who has been called from her labors to rest.

Resolved, That we also rely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best.

Resolved, That the charter of the order be draped for a period of 30 days and that these resolutions be entered upon the minutes, a copy be sent to the bereaved family and that they be printed in the town papers,

AMANDA SASSE,
VIOLA CHAPMAN,
F. C. PIERCE.

For Sale or Rent.

Store room and dwelling house. Good location, corner Mechanic and Mill streets. Inquire of Wm. Hafner, Smethport, Pa.

All fall and winter goods sold for cost for the next thirty days at D. C. Young's store.

Housecleaning time. H. C. Wells [illegible] all kinds of disinfectants.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be On TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING and BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

Do You Want to Know What You Swallow?

There is a growing sentiment in this country in favor of MEDICINES OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. It is but natural that one should have some interest in the composition of that which he or she is expected to swallow, whether it be food, drink or medicine.

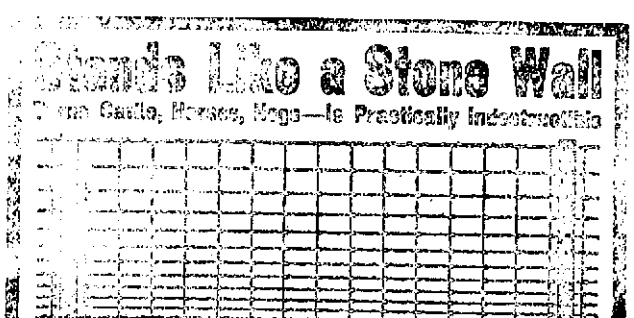
Recognizing this growing disposition on the part of the public, and satisfied that the fullest publicity can only add to the well-earned reputation of his medicines, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has "taken time by the forelock," as it were, and is publishing broadcast a list of all the ingredients entering into his leading medicines, the "Golden Medical Discovery" the popular liver invigorator, stomach tonic, blood purifier and heart regulator; also of his "Favorite Prescription" for weak, over-worked, broken-down, nervous and invalid women.

This bold and out-spoken movement on the part of Dr. Pierce, has, by showing exactly what his well-known medicines are composed of, completely disarmed all harping critics who have heretofore unjustly attacked them. A little pamphlet has been compiled, from the standard medical authorities of all the several schools of practice, showing the strongest endorsements by leading medical writers of the several ingredients which enter into Dr. Pierce's medicines. A copy of this little book is mailed *free* to any one desiring to learn more concerning the valuable, native, medicinal plants which enter into the composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver, and bowels. Do not be the "pill baby," but take a pellet, a dose. One or two each day for laxative and cathartic, three or four for an active cathartic. Over-eating always in favor.

$50,000 GIVEN AWAY, in copies of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, which will be sold to the extent of about one-half a for [illegible] paper-covered, at 50 cents per copy. Last year we gave away $30,000 worth of these invaluable books. This generous gift of $20 worth of them. Will you share in this benefit? If so, send only 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, for book in stiff paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BIG STORE.



AMERICAN FENCE

Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel that is not too hard nor too soft.

We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our prices.

Dairy Supplies, Paints, Oils and Varnishes

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 4, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Attend the fair.

—The Keystone glass plant at Hazelhurst shut down last Friday.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

—Plowing time will soon be at hand. Redfield, the hardware man, has some timely hints in his ad space this week.

—The ladies of the Baptist church will hold a cooked food sale at Hugberg & Sherburne's store next Saturday at 2:30 p. m.

—The Galeton Democrat sustained a heavy loss by are last week. The cylinder press, jobber, paper cutter and stock were destroyed and considerable type was melted.

—A Baltimore physician has decided to go hatless the rest of his life and says that if men would follow his example the bald headed men would in a generation or two become a thing of the past

—A combination store and dwelling, located near Port Allegany and owned by W. C. Olmstead, was burned last Wednesday morning. It is supposed to have been struck by lightning. The loss is estimated at $4,500.

—Will Parker of Angelica, N. Y., enlisted in the civil war and nothing had been heard from him since the war until a short time ago, when word was received from a soldiers' home in California that he has dead. Mrs. Parker is now living in Belmont with her younger daughter.

—In announcing the arrival of spring an exchange says: The days draw nigh when the man of the house will eat his dinner from the third round of the step-ladder and sort his collar from a bonfire in the back yard. If young and inexperienced he will say things and create trouble, but the wise man will keep his counsels with much thinking and little speech.

—A Bradford man, who is wise enough to know better, recently entered into a prize drawing contest, advertised in some penny magazine. In the course of a few days he received a letter saying his number had won an organ and asking for $3.50 to cover the cost of shipping. He sent the money and soon after received a mouth organ. Verily, there's a sucker born every minute.—Star.

WOMEN OF HOLLAND.

Dutch Feminine Costumes Are Too Complex For Words.

The women's costume is a trifle too complex for verbal description, as feminine belongings usually are, but the white lace cap which covers the head from eyebrows to nape of neck and from ear to ear, curving out in rounded wings on each side of her cheeks, is always a conspicuous and inevitable portion of a woman's attire. It may possibly be that on Sunday this cap is a trifle whiter or stiffer or daintier than on week days, but the difference is not very apparent.

The ladies assure us there is a vast difference in the quality of the net and the amount of handiwork employed, but the lens made no special note of that. In shape and outline the camera finds great distinction between these caps and those of Katwyk or Marken or Bois le Duc, but between Sunday and Monday caps in Volendam it records none whatever. For the rest of the costume feminine Holland asks above all things apparently a very flat, narrow chest surmounting enormous hips, and Volendam is no exception to this fashion rule. The invariable black "best waist" of the elder women is usually brightened by a square yoke of lighter color and material, and the dark apron or overskirt is topped by six inches or more of gay plaid or bright colored band worn over an underskirt of dull blue striped or black material and uncountable petticoats. About the throat a collar formed of many rows of heavy dark red coral beads is fastened by huge silver clasps, and the number of rows, the size and quality of the beads are matters for feminine pride. Long hair is not the glory of women in Holland, save perhaps at Marken. It is usually hidden and at Volendam is cut quite close and entirely covered by a tight fitting thick black silk cap concealed beneath the snowy white lace. The younger girls, from the tiniest toddler to the young maisje, old enough to wed, wear dresses and caps the exact counterpart of their grave mothers, no less full of skirt or narrow of chest, but much gayer in color. A group of tiny maidens in a stiff breeze on the dike resembles nothing more than a swarm of butterflies.—Florence Craig Albrecht in Scribner's.

Some evils admit of consolations, but there are no comforters for dyspepsia and the toothache.—Bulwer.

Every one knows that Spring is the season of the year when the system needs cleaning. Dade's Little Liver Pills are highly recommended. Try them. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa.; O. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

THE MADSTONE.

Valuable Because Absorbent—A Clay Pipe Makes a Good One.

Physicians are often asked whether there really is any virtue in what are called madstones. One of them declares that these stones are of value, but that they would be of more value if their limitations were understood.

"There is no particular variety of stone or substance which may be designated exclusively as the madstone," he says. "I have seen many of them, so called, and no two were of exactly the same composition, geologically considered.

"Madstones act on the same principle that a blotting paper does when absorbing ink, and there is nothing that makes a better one than baked pipe clay. A new clay pipe, procurable for a cent at nearly any store where tobacco is sold, cannot be excelled by any madstone, no matter how great its reputation.

"The action can be clearly demonstrated by placing a common dry red brick in contact with the margin of a puddle of water and noting what capillary attraction will accomplish. Therefore to be of use the stone must be porous, and have strong adhesive and absorbent qualities. Medical statements about it.

"I have seen [illegible] that appear to be water stones, either wet, pitted or [illegible], and were found in the bed of [illegible] streams, but I do not consider them of any value. Stones that are found in the fields are, as a rule, worthless. Always look for those that have been taken from the ground and [illegible] best.

"When a person is bitten by a reptile or dog supposed to be mad and the porous stone applied to the wound the bleeding pauses, action begins, and the blood, saliva from the mouth of the animal and whatever poison these fluids contain will naturally by capillary attraction be absorbed by and into the substance applied, no matter what name you may give it.

"The saying that if a stone sticks the wound is poisonous and if it does not take hold there is no venom present is untrue. If the stone is clean and dry it will adhere when moisture to within reach of it becomes saturated.

"For instance, a new clay pipe will absorb one pint of water. After the venom has been taken into the circulation the madstone is worthless, for as the victim is usually dosed with whisky or alcohol at the same time the stone is being used the spirits may counteract the effect of the poison.

"I know of a stone which has a wide reputation and is often a good thing for the family owning it. They never let it go out of their sight, and when the victim cannot be taken to the stone one member of the family can be hired to take the stone to the victim. In addition to traveling expenses, they charge $5 for the application and $2 extra for each hour that the stone sticks.

"This stone is busy a large part of the time. Not long since the stone held to a man's leg for over 100 hours, yet the man died. His life could have been saved if Gotham's had not been placed entirely in the stone."—Medical Brief.

A Touching Story.

The young [illegible] for a city, in point [illegible] was [illegible] pitched with [illegible] Indians, or [illegible] she said, speaking [illegible] doubtfully, "and yet I think there are some things about it that ought to be changed."

She suggested that the eyes should have rather more of an upward look, that the right hand should be a little less prominent, that the hair should be made more wavy and that certain changes ought to be made in the drapery.

"That would require a great deal of retouching," said the artist, "and I should have to charge you about $10 additional."

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed with a pout. "I shall have to give it up. Papa won't stand my 'retouching' him to that extent."

A Case in Point.

Of Sergeant Arabin, who had not a clear method of speech, it is related that he said to one criminal, "Prisoner at the bar, if ever there was a clearer case than this of a man robbing his master, this case is that case." At another time he said, "Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty on several indictments, and it is in my power to subject you to transportation for a period very considerably beyond the term of your natural life, but the court in its mercy will not go so far as it lawfully might go, and the sentence is that you be transported for two periods of seven years each."—London Globe.

Real Distress of Mind.

Dora—I'm in such distress of mind, and I want your advice. I am loved by three men, and I don't know which to accept. Clara—Which one has the most money? Dora—If I know that, do you suppose I'd waste precious time running around for advice?

Something More Recent.

"What was the cause of this rumpus?" asked the judge.

"Well, you see, judge," replied the policeman, "this man here and that woman there are married"—

"Yes, yes, I know. But what other cause?"—Cleveland Press.

Setting Him Right.

"Er—really," began Mr. Chesty, "you have the advantage of me, sir. My memory, perhaps, is at fault, but"—

"No," interrupted Peppery, "it isn't your memory, but your manners."—Philadelphia Press.

Wisdom alone is a collection of other sciences and of itself.—[illegible]

The Truth About It.

"Bruh [illegible] not to gossip, an' [illegible] remark on each other's failings, but my lan', dat's what keeps de world straight. Hit's de fear of our neighbors' tongue dat keeps most of us in de stockade. Hit's gossip dat's de real perfise of de world."—Dorothy Dix in New York American.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

No small noise sounds as bad as that made by squeaky shoes.

Lift any little woman's thumb and you will find a man under it.

How few people are as polite to their friends as they are to strangers!

People seem to begrudge a preacher everything he gets except his vacation.

The child that is ruled by love and the child that has its own way live at the same house.

If you were a mind reader you would learn a lot of unpleasant things which now you can only surmise.

The man who prides himself on being a "great observer of little things" can usually be relied upon for a few unpleasant remarks.

Some wife, a boy comes to credit his father with being the smartest man on earth he imagines his father should consult him on all doubtful issues.—Atchison Globe.

Inflection.

The wife of an army officer at a western post recently had occasion to visit a small neighboring town to do some shopping of what is called the general store. She was much entertained by the quality and multiplicity of the stock of goods, and as she priced and [illegible] was accosted by a [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] and a [illegible] [illegible] the latter [illegible] Soapy and [illegible] "She's in love."

As she passed the clerk, a dapper young man [illegible] than [illegible] vanderous, [illegible] remark with the remark: "She's one of the latest things in mottoes. 'Tis top one to smell to put over a young lady's door—'Walk in, love.'"—Lippincott's.

The Outdoor Boy.

Let the boy learn to hit the bright spot with a rifle, and if war comes he can hit the button on the coat of an enemy the first shot and does not have to be taught to shoot over again after he enlists. If he is familiar with guns, boats, water and the wild woods, he will be [illegible] anywhere, and you can't lose him. Any boy who has got a father who won't do the right thing by him and give him a chance to love the woods and the water and the free clean life that God sowed for, when you get him straight away from man's city ways, can come along with me some time and I will show him how to have the time of his life.—Forest and Stream.

He Got the Girl.

Tommy Tuttle was turned down when he asked Elsie's father for his consent. The old man said that Tommy was a good boy, but lacked persistency.

What is Tommy going to do about it?

He goes to the old man and asks him for his daughter three evenings every week.—Leonard Dale Decker.

His Reformation.

"Yes," said the reformed cannibal chief, "I used to eat every missionary that came out here."

"That was before you got religion, eh?" queried the newspaper man.

"No; before I got indigestion."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Learning.

Soker—I won $50 from Pinks last night playing poker.

Jefer—Why, I was going to ask you how to play poker!

Soker—Not yet. Lippincott's Magazine.

His Business.

The lady in black pointed toward the sky.

"My husband," she sighed, "is up there, but he is looking down. Perhaps he sees all that we do."

"How long has he been dead, ma'am?" we inquired gently.

With a frown, she answered:

"Dead? He isn't dead. He's an aeronaut."—Exchange.

Suspicious Signs.

"You better hurry up an collect de rent from Dr'or Wilkins."

"How come?"

"Well, for de las' two nights he been a-singin' 'Jes' Afore My Happy Home,' an it's my opinion he's [illegible] ter move."—Atlanta Constitution.

Saving Him.

Little Johnnie Mullen, tell me how, pray, you got to know so [illegible]. Mother—One day I fell into the water, and he jumped in and [illegible] out. Little Johnnie—Pshaw! That's funny; he won't let me learn to swim.—Tit-Bits.

The dread of ridicule extinguishes originality in its birth.—Blackwood.

A Safe and Sure Cough Cure.

Kemp's Balsam

Does not contain Opium, Morphine, or any other narcotic or "habit-forming" drug.

There is no Narcotic in Kemp's Balsam.

Nothing of a poisonous or harmful character enters into its composition.

This clean and pure cough cure cures coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It has saved thousands from consumption.

It has saved thousands of lives.

A 25c. bottle contains 40 doses.

At all druggists', 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

In the treatment of piles it becomes necessary to have the remedy put up in such a form that it can be applied to the parts affected. Man Zan Pile remedy is enclosed in a collapsible tube with nozzle attached. It cannot help but reach the spot. Relieves blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. 50 cents with nozzle guaranteed. Try it. Sold by Dr Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa. O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Bargains in boots and shoes at store of D. C. Young, to reduce stock.

L. K. Hogarth

Special Sale

—OF—

Hand-Painted CHINA.

to reduce large stock will have special sale on

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY.

. . 20 per cent off . .

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist

Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

A. STURDEVANT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc.

Your patronage is solicited.

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN

PHOTOGRAPHY

Go to GLEASON'S

Everything the latest and up-to-date. The most complete line of picture moulding ever shown in town. 100 varieties to select from. Call and see them.

"W." GLEASON, The Photographer, Smethport, Pa.

SHORT TALKS BY L. T. COOPER.

NERVOUSNESS.

Nervousness makes people miserable, blue, and unhappy. They think something terrible is going to happen. At night they toss and worry and are not rested. They tire easily and haven't much energy. They think many things are the matter with them—Consumption, Kidney trouble, or twenty other diseases. It's just stomach trouble, nothing else in the world. Two bottles

MRS. W. J. SCHACKER.

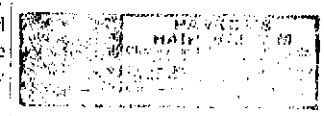
of Cooper's New Discovery will put the stomach in shape in three weeks. I know this because I've seen it tried a thousand times. Then all nervousness will disappear. I know this too, because I've seen it happen a thousand times. Here's a letter I got the other day

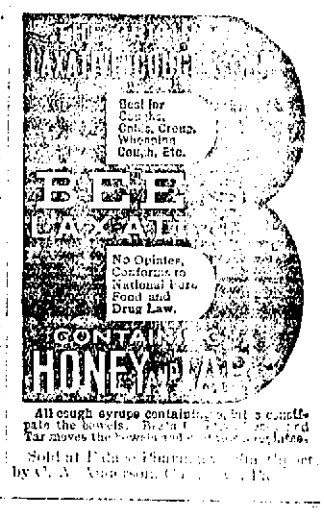
"My system was [illegible] my stomach and nerves [illegible] I could not digest my food [illegible] tired and [illegible] feeling [illegible]

"I had heard so much [illegible] Discovery medicine [illegible] Relief and [illegible] found in the [illegible] fit I have ever taken [illegible] wonderful. I am [illegible] everything and sleep [illegible] Schaurer, 320 Cushman [illegible]

We sell Cooper's New [illegible] makes tired, worn out, [illegible] happy.

McCOY'S DRUG [illegible]





All cough syrups containing [illegible] constipate the bowels. [illegible] and Tar moves the [illegible] relaxes.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy [illegible] by O. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS. FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, : Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's Ice Cream Soda

is delicious. Come and try it.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Other rates position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 4, 1907

Political Announcements.

COUNTY TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. H. W. RUBIN.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 11, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce to the Republican voters of McKean county that I am a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held the first of June next. A. F. BANNON

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 11, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Republican primaries. L. J. BENSON.

Port Allegany, Pa., Feb. 12, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. GEORGE PATON.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 12, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my candidacy for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. A. B. WALKER

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 18, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of McKean county, at the primary election, June 1, next. W. T. BOGART.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 25, 1907.

REPRESENTATIVE HOWARD of Cameron county, has introduced a bill in the House of Representatives to permit woman to vote for school directors or officers and upon all questions relating to schools.

GOVERNOR STUART has signed bills increasing the liquor tax of retail dealers in townships to $25, $50 in boroughs and cities of the third class and $100 in cities of the first and second class. This additional tax is for the use of the state. The bill also requires county treasurers to pay the funds to the state and municipal treasuries within thirty days after their receipt.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, who last September, in a speech in New York, advocated government ownership of the railways, has modified his views on that subject. He now says the people are not ready to become owners of the railroads. He says they will be contented with government control. Bryan is becoming progressive. He has reached a place in his career where he can change his mind.—Bradford Era.

IF Governor Stuart approves the two cent railroad fare bill which has passed the senate and house and which is now in his hands the Pennsylvania and the Reading always will begin a fight in the courts. The constitutionality of the law is not to be contested [illegible] has been determined in the supreme court of the state.

GALUSHA A. GROW, a former Congressman-at-large from Pennsylvania, died at his home in Glenwood, Pa., Sunday afternoon as a result of a general breakdown attributed to old age. He served as a member of Congress for about 50 years. During the anti-bellum days he was one of the best known men in the United States and in 1864 he came within one vote of being nominated for Vice President in the place of Andrew Johnson, who became President on the death of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Grow was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1861 and occupied that position during the first two years of the war, until his retirement from Congress in 1863.

To pave or not to pave—that is the all important question before the people of Smethport at the present time. For several years past this important question has been a subject of discussion at this time of year without coming to more than talk. This year, however, Councilman Heath has brought this matter up in a more practical way by [illegible] subscription paper giving notice that if the spirited citizens and [illegible] donations for the [illegible] several thousand dollars [illegible] already been subscribed and if [illegible] expect to be "seen" come down [illegible] as those who have already [illegible] the paving of Smethport will be more than a vision.

The bill introduced by Representative McClain in the House at Harrisburg last week abolishing the death penalty for murder in this State, seems to have struck a popular chord and the chances are exceedingly bright that it may become a law. There is no question but that hanging is a brutal way to punish a person for murder and there have been many movements started previous to this to abolish it; but all to no purpose. The person convicted of murder has a harder time of it passing a life sentence in solitary confinement in the penitentiary than hanging would be. Think of the many years he must be locked up between those gray walls with no one to talk to. What a chance to suffer he must have, and think of the moments the crime is preying on his mind. But to those who are innocent it gives a chance that their innocency may be proven some time during those long years. It is difficult to see where hanging is worse than life imprisonment, but if the sentiment of the people shows it to be so, as it seems to now, then the time is most opportune to abolish this method of death.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 30, 1907.

Will he speak? Won't he speak? What will he say if he does speak? All these questions are being asked by the anxious public and the much more anxious railroad managers all over the country as to the railroad plans of the President. Up to date he has given no indication of what he intends to do in the announcement line. The President may make some sort of an announcement at any one of the occasions when he speaks in public in the course of the next month. But he seems in no hurry to make any more extensive statement of his position than he has made already.

The railroad situation is complicated just now beyond question. There has been the greatest slump on in the history of Wall Street. The railroads are curtailing improvements, and there is the threat of a big strike on in the west that if it becomes a reality will tie up about 95,000 miles of trackage and effect directly and indirectly half a million men. But there is a serious question in the minds of the President's closest advisors as to how far the slump in Wall Street has been manufactured in an effort to scare the Administration. There is very little doubt that as to the curtailing of improvements, the railroads are "bluffing" with the same end in view. The strike situation is of course serious enough, but it is believed in Washington that it can be satisfactorily adjusted. Anyhow Commissioner of Labor Chas. P. Neill, one of the President's close friends, and Chairman Knapp of the Interstate Commerce Commission have started west to see if they cannot act as arbitrators. And the President meantime is standing pat, as pat as the most ardent protectionist on the subject of tariff revision.

What the railroad officials fear is that the President may demand a thorough valuation of the physical property of the railroads. Now there was a very effective commercial valuation made by the Census Bureau about two years ago. This includes stocks and bonds and the earning capacity of the lines. For that sort of a valuation it is quite complete. But the railroads fear that if there is an actual "physical valuation" of the roads, it will show them to be so largely overcapitalized that a large part of their stocks and bonds will become valueless, in other words have the water squeezed out of them. It is almost laughable, at the same time serious to see how the railroad managers are scurrying from one position to another, satisfied with the things that are but always fearful that something worse is going to happen. This fear appears to increase as the government gets nearer to the meat of the question, namely the real values on which the paper values of the roads are based.

It will be remembered that before the present rate law was passed, the railroad officials all shivered, or professed to, over the prospect of federal interference with the sacred business of rate making. It was a thing too abstruse and delicate to be touched by the rude hands of any but qualified railroad men. But the rate bill and the managers declared this was the last straw. It would be the death knell of the business. Then the state legislatures "butted in" with a lot of adverse legislation and the roads ran to the federal government praying for government control as the one thing essential to their well being. Now comes the question of the physical valuation of the roads, and the management is having another figurative fit for fear of what such a valuation may reveal.

There are two camps, that of Doliver, who engineered the first rate legislation and who is convinced now that a commercial valuation of railroad properties is as far as the government can safely go, and the LaFollette camp which consists chiefly of LaFollette, who insists that there shall be a fair physical valuation of railroad property. The President is inclined to side with Senator La Follette and a good many of his advisors say that no harm can come of finding exactly the data on which the railroads base their own valuation of themselves. At the same time the railroads, yearning for federal control to protect them from hostile state legislatures, ask that pooling be permitted. This is coming curiously around to the recommendation of Senator Newlands, once counted the most radical of railroad reformers, who has always favored unlimited pooling by the railroads with strict federal supervision of their stock issues and the declaration of their dividends. It must be said, however, that a permissive pooling law would necessitate the repeal or modification of both the present rate law and the Sherman anti-trust law both of which expressly prohibit pooling. This would mean a whole session of talk and wrangling in Congress and would make a year of futile delay, which perhaps is one of the things the railroads are after.

One might really think from the eagerness with which the railroads are waiting a White House announcement on the subject of pending legislation, that the President of the United States passed the laws and Congress merely signed them. Now a reference to the Constitution of the United States would prove the error of this, even to a railroad president. But the attitude of the roads merely shows the hold that the personality of the President has on their imaginations. So the White House announcement of a "let up" on the roads is eagerly awaited. And in the sense it is hoped for, it probably will be awaited in vain. When the President chooses to talk for publication, he probably will only repeat the advice he has given before, "Act honestly and you will be treated fairly; a square deal for everyone, including the railroads."

The President's Industrial Peace Commissioners got together for their first meeting this week. There were the Secretaries of Commerce and and Labor, of Agriculture, Seth Low of New York, Marvin Hughitt and Thos. G. Bush of Alabama. Chief Justice Fuller and John Mitchell, President of the United Mine Workers, were both detained by illness. The trustees elected officers and formed a permanent organization under the laws governing trusteeship. Members of the board of arbitration were chosen and the body will be ready for work in a week or two. No reference was made at the meeting to the railroad strike. But this is the sort of a case that could be properly handled by the arbitrators.

Nice hand picked apples at store of D. C. Young, 75c bushel.

DIGESTO COFFEE.

Digesto is free from injurious Caffeine and Tannin.

Digesto is absolutely pure coffee.

Digesto is packed in small sterilized bags.

Digesto is the only absolute-pure coffee that can be used without causing dyspepsia or heartburn.

Digesto is the only coffee that you can drink at night without fear of sleeplessness.

Digesto is packed in 25 cent packages, containing 10 bags, each bag making from 2 to 3 cups of exquisite coffee.

J. Colegrove,
Smethport, Pa.

When you think of
PLUMBING
think of STRONG'S.

Having added H. H. Redfield's plumbing business and tinners' tools to my stock I am now prepared to do all plumbing and tinning in a satisfactory manner.

Give me a chance to figure on your next job.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK Smethport

Now Spring is Coming.
Then is house-Cleaning.

If you want to get rid of your old furniture, carpets and all kinds of junk see

I. ODESSER,

the East Smethport junk dealer, He will pay you th·

HIGHEST PRICES

in cash. Rags 1c per lb., also Rubbers, Old Iron, Metals, Old Rope, Bones, Hides, Fur, Wool, Beeswax and Tallow.

BEST PRICES WILL BE PAID.

I have now three wagons on the road ready to call on you at all times. Let me know when you have anything and my wagon will be at your door.

Thanking you for past favors I remain Yours

I. ODESSER.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
in good, reliable companies.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF THE BOROUGH OF SMETHPORT FOR THE YEAR 1906.

R. C. Gleason, Collector, 1905 Duplicate.

Dr.

To balance outstanding, as per last audit	$ 851 [illegible]	$ 851 10

Cr.

By exonerations allowed by council	131 32	
By 5% added on last above	5 99	
By paid Treasurer Lemmler	627 72	
By 5% commission for collection	17 22	
By balance on 1905 duplicate	187 05	851 10

R. C. Gleason, Collector, 1906 Duplicate.
Borough Fund.

Dr.

To amount of duplicate	3015 49	
To additional assessment	16 26	
To 5% added on $565.35 (taxes unpaid Jan. 1st, 1907	28 27	3050 02

Cr.

By paid Treasurer Lemmler	2043 10	
By 5% discount allowed taxpayers	100 74	
By 2% commission for collection above	41 70	
By paid Treasurer Lemmler taxes at par	248 39	
By 5% commission on last above	12 07	
By balance of duplicate outstanding	593 02	3050 02

R. C. Gleason, Collector, 1906 Duplicate.
Borough Bond Fund.

Dr.

To amount of duplicate	1001 80	
To additional assessment	5 42	
To 5% added on $185.57 taxes unpaid Jan. 1, 1907	9 19	1016 47

Cr.

By paid Treasurer Lemmler	682 05	
By 5% discount allowed taxpayers	36 03	
By 2% commission on above	13 91	
By paid Treasurer Lemmler taxes collected at par	80 28	
By 5% commission on last above	4 54	
By balance of duplicate outstanding	193 00	1016 47

Charles Lemmler, Treasurer, in account with Borough Fund

Dr.

To cash from R. C. Gleason 1905 duplicate	217 80	
To cash from R. C. Gleason 1906 duplicate	2291 80	
To cash from Burgess Strong dog tax	48 00	
To cash from Burgess Strong licenses and fines	301 75	
To cash from County Treas. Weaver licenses	630 00	
To cash from State Treas. foreign insurance	98 08	
To cash from Union Telephone Co.	103 50	
To cash from Western Union Telegraph Co.	17 94	
To cash from Hamlin B. & T. Co. loan	500 00	
To cash from ex-Treas. Campbell	84 00	
To cash from ex-Treas. Clark	72 00	
To cash from St. Elizabeth's church for tile	97 16	
To cash from repairing sidewalks	89 52	
To cash from transferred from Bank St. sewer fund	3 97	4435 17

Cr.

By paid police duty	874 00	
By paid street commissioner and extra labor	988 40	
By paid material for streets	475 13	
By paid cement cross walks	143 30	
By paid lumber	352 17	
By paid painting	63 35	
By paid Smethport Water co.	97 50	
By paid freight, drayage and hauling hose carts	84 94	
By paid physician, medicine and feeding prisoners	26 25	
By paid auditors, secretary and stationery	87 21	
By paid burgess and attorney	104 04	
By paid hardware and repairs	128 50	
By paid Hamlin B. & T. Co. loan and interest	507 50	
By paid salaries for Willow street [illegible]	30 00	
By paid fire account	257 05	
To cash for warrants and [illegible] for fire engine	55 05	
By paid for fire engine	75 00	
By paid lease for dancing grounds	20 00	
By paid Collector 17 [illegible] for exonerations	11 55	
By paid [illegible]	78 80	
By paid 2% commission on above disbursements	87 21	
By balance on hand	47 52	4435 17

Charles Lemmler, Treasurer, in account with Borough Bond Fund.

Dr.

To balance as per last audit	396 11	
To cash from R. C. Gleason, Collector 1905 duplicate	110 80	
To cash from R. C. Gleason, Collector 1906 Duplicate	708 39	1185 10

Cr.

By paid Boro Bonds Nos. 43, 44 and 55	750 00	
By paid interest on outstanding bonds	260 80	
By paid state tax on bonds for 1905 and 1906	43 20	
By 2% commission on above disbursements	20 31	
By balance on hand	104 79	1185 10

Charles Lemmler, Treasurer, in account with Bank St. Sewer Fund.

Dr.

To cash from Bank St. Sewer Assessments	552 38	
To balance as per last audit	1 04	553 42

Cr.

By paid Surveyor Lyon	76 00	
By paid McCarty contract	462 98	
By transferred to Borough Fund	3 97	
By 2% commission on above disbursements	10 47	553 42

LIABILITIES.

Bonds outstanding Nos. 43 to 55 inclusive [illegible]	4750 00	
[illegible]	120 00	4870 00

RESOURCES.

Balance Bond fund [illegible]	396 11	
[illegible] for [illegible]	1a2 98	
[illegible]	222 17	
Liabilities in excess of Resources	[illegible] 87	870 00

We, the undersigned Auditors, having examined the accounts of R. C. Gleason, Collector, and Chas. Lemmler, Treasurer, we find and report the foregoing statement correct.

H. E. TELL,
A. A. WILKINSON,
W. ROY STARR,
Auditors.

Dr. Sheffield's
Anti Septic
Creme
Dentifrice
THE ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE
Used by the Elite of the World Since 1850
Dr. Sheffield's Tooth Powder put up conveniently for Tourists.
SOLD EVERYWHERE

Government guarantee—Serial 1188.

HIGH SCHOOL HATS.

GET ONE. GO DOWN AND CHEER FOR THE BOYS AT THE NEXT BASKET BALL GAME.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT. PENNA

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c

The Spring Quarterly Style Book, illustrating the Ladies Home Journal Patterns, price, including a pattern, 15c,

I still have many bargains to offer in the different lines of goods, therefore, make it a point th call.

SPECIAL

20c Coffee at 15c.
30c Coffee at 25c.
Best Mocha and Java at 35c, mixed to suit the taste.
Felt's Fancy Flour at $1.40.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
February 26, 1907.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan 50c
Palmer House, 35c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason Block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

BRADFORD, PA.

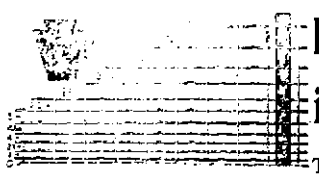
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 493

We Want Every Farmer Who is Contemplating Buying a Plow to See Us First.

We are agents for the well-known and widely used

MUNNSVILLE PLOWS

We will gladly let any responsible farmer take one of these Plows and try it and if it is not perfectly satisfactory he may return it and we will refund his money.

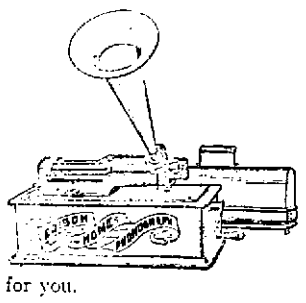


If you are looking for a Fence

That will stand hard usage; that has no SLACK WIRES; That will not SAG or or CURL OVER on the top; That has stays that WILL NOT SLIP; That will not conform to UNEVEN GROUND; That does not require an EXPERT TO ERECT; That is LOW IN PRICE—then

BUY THE PITTSBURG PERFECT FENCE

We want every PHONOGRAPH



owner to know that we carry in stock every Edison Record made. Pick out any record that you would like to hear and come in and let us play it for you.

WHEN YOU THINK OF HARDWARE THINK OF

REDFIELD.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second class mail matter.

Published Thursday, April 11, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—April.

—Lent is the time for new hats.

—Have you seen the new Monday.

—Get a look at the new ad for Rubin & Feinberg.

—Another sign of spring—the automobiles are out.

—McKean county is aspiring to become a borough.

—The merry "honk, honk" of the auto sounds familiar.

—Miss Lena Young entertained the Scientas last evening.

—W. G. Holder is confined to his home on Centre street with illness.

—Work was resumed at the Haines' flint bottle works Monday morning.

—The annual auditors' report for this borough appears in another column.

—Fine undermuslin is the subject of a new advertisement for Fry & Comes this week.

—J. M. Hilton received a new automobile Monday. It is a Pope-Hartford touring car.

—Harry S. Ross, who is secretary [illegible] at the meeting Monday night.

—H. C. Wellington is working deeply [illegible] this week all today [illegible] about them.

—The plasterers are at work in the [illegible] National Bank. J. H. Harris [illegible] contract.

—The Thaw-White case and [illegible] moving picture films is being [illegible] at Bradford.

—The McKean County W. C. T. U. will hold a convention in Bradford on May 1 and 2.

—Mrs. W. S. Palmer entertained the Ladies Bridge Club at the home of Mrs. Allan Parr yesterday afternoon.

—His ad on this page shows that Monheimer has been appointed by Dame Fashion as agent to sell her newest creations in caps.

—There wasn't much chance for the new toggery last Sunday, still a scattering few braved the elements and donned their Easter garb.

—Arthur M. Thamm, a former resident of this place, was recently appointed a member of the Bradford Board of Health from the Third district.

—Fred Burlingame has accepted a position in the grocery store of Hagberg & Sherburne and Ransom Wetenhall has accepted the position made vacant by Mr. Burlingame in the store of J. Colegrove.

—The families of James Lynch and John Hazen wish to thank all who so kindly lent assistance during the illness and death of Leon Hazen.

—According to the figures given out by the census bureau Bradford has a population of 16,577. This is a gain of [illegible] over the census of 1900.

—[illegible] the trees in front of the [illegible] are being uprooted and taken away. They were killed by the [illegible] of years than two years ago.

—It is rumored the window glass factories in this neighborhood will shut down for the season two weeks from Saturday. Overproduction is the cause.

—J. W. Lee of Bloomburg, who is to be cashier of the Grange National Bank, has rented the Mrs. E. H. Colegrove residence on King street and is moving into it.

—"Chick" Stahl, one of the best known ball players and manager of the Boston American league team, committed suicide last Thursday at West Baden, Ind.

—George L. Miller of Mt. Alton died at the Bradford hospital Monday evening of a complication of ailments, aged 61 years. He leaves a widow and five children.

—The condition of Mrs. Frank Kerns, who has been confined to the house by illness for several weeks, does not improve and but little hopes are entertained for her recovery.

—I. J. Hannold wishes to express, through the columns of this paper, his heartfelt thanks to all those who so [illegible] lent their assistance during the sickness and death of his wife.

—The Vart Land, a Swedish newspaper published at Jamestown, N. Y., and which has an extensive circulation in this vicinity, was destroyed by fire Tuesday, entailing a loss of $10,000.

—The local high school basket ball team met defeat at the hands of the Port Allegany team at the Lyceum last Thursday evening by a score of 35 to 30. The game was a fast and very exciting one.

—An exchange asks the following hypothetical question: If a fellow has a "brain storm" when he commits murder does he necessarily have a heart typhoon when he commits matrimony, or a stomach tornado when he gets drunk?

—The usual large congregation attended the solemn service of the Preaching of the Cross from 12 m. to 3 p. m. on Good Friday at St. Luke's church. The rector gave seven addresses on the words from the Cross, under the general subject of "The Power of the Cross," bringing out special lessons on "Forgiveness," Repentance," "Home Life," "Dark Hours," "Pain," "Finished Work" and "Eternal Rest." The service was followed by a children's service, with the Story of the Cross, at 4 p. m. There were a number of baptisms at the evening service on Saturday, Easter Even.

—Dr. E. R. Baker, who has been having trouble with his eyes for some time past, expects to resume his practice in a few days.

—The many Smethport friends of Roscoe Bard of Mt. Jewett will be pleased to learn that he has returned from Whitehaven, Pa., where he has been a patient at a sanitarium for the past seven months, very much improved in health.

—The basement of the drug store of L. K. Hogarth is being fitted up for the manufacture of ice cream. A gas engine has been installed and within a few days Mr. Hogarth will be prepared to furnish ice cream in large or small quantities.

—The Berney-Bond Glass Bottle Co. took possession of the Haines flint plant Monday. It has not been decided as yet whether the unused tank will be put into operation this season or not but many improvements will be made during the summer shut down.

—All persons who are interested in good roads should make it a point to attend the meeting of the road supervisors of this county at the court house on Thursday afternoon, April 11th. State Highway Commissioner Joseph W. Hunter will be in attendance and the subject of good roads will be given much attention.

—The High School has organized a baseball team and are busily engaged in practice while the good weather lasts. They expect to have a strong team and will put up a good exhibition of the national sport. Ed. Glavin has been appointed manager and Clyde Stull, captain, of the 1907 team. The boys will appreciate a hearty patronage from the fans.

—L. K. Hogarth is confined to the house this week as a result of being poisoned in the face and eyes. He has suffered considerable pain in his eyes and face, but is much better now. It seems that while cleaning out the basement of his drug store he came in contact with something of a poisonous nature, which at the time was not noticed, but within a few hours his eyes began to bother him and Saturday evening he was compelled to give up his duties at the drug store.

—John P. Wendell of Batavia, N. Y., died at his home Saturday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, after a short illness with pneumonia; aged 51 years. Mr. Wendell was born in Norwich township and was well-known in Smethport, having conducted a store here for some time, afterward going to Batavia where he has resided for upwards of twenty-five years. He is survived by his wife, one step-daughter, Miss Edith Torrey; a brother, Barney Wendall of Hazelhurst; four sisters, Mrs. George Dotterweich of Olean; Mrs. John McConeghy of Condersport; Mrs. Charles Barrett of DuBois, and Mrs. George Root of Hart, Mich.

—The county commissioners have sent out the following notice to those interested: The county commissioners of McKean county, on behalf of the state highway department, invite you to be present at the meetings of the township supervisors of McKean county, to be held in the court house in Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, April 11th, 1907, at 11 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. It is expected that the state highway commissioner will be present at these meetings, the object of which is the formation of a county association of the township supervisors and the discussion of matters pertaining to the repairs and construction of township roads. Owing to the fact that no appropriation for the expenses of these meetings can be made by the county commissioners it is hoped that the supervisors will consider the great importance of the movement and lend their support and influence by attending in a body.

The News—No Pure Drug Cough Cure Laws would be needed, if all Cough Cures were like Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure is—and has been for 20 years. The National Law now requires that if any poisons enter into a cough mixture, it must be printed on the label or package. For this reason mothers and others should insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. No poison marks on Dr. Shoop's labels—and none in the medicines, else it must by law be on the label. And it is not only safe, but it is said to be by those who know it best, a truly remarkable cough remedy. Take no chance, particularly with your children. Insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Compare carfully the Dr. Shoop package with others and see. No poison mark there! You can always be on the safe side by demanding Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Simply refuse to accept any other. Sold by all dealers.

Business Opportunity.

Owing to other business which will demand my whole attention I offer for sale the grocery stock and business of Brownell Bros. This is an excellent opportunity for it is a well-established business and has always been on a paying basis. Call on or address

F. W. BROWNELL,
Smethport, Pa.

People want a Varnish Stain that will stain and varnish furniture and woodwork without covering up or obscuring the grains of the wood. In these days of pigment varnish stains, which are in reality varnish paints, it is worth while to remember that Campbell's varnish Stains give a beautiful color and varnish effect without obscuring the handsome grain of natural wood. Sold by J. C. Hamlin.

Hurried meals, lack of exercise are the main cause of dyspepsia. A Rings Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal aids digestion, improves the appetite. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa.; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

House for Rent.

All modern improvements. Inquire at Grand Central Hotel.

H. C. Wells has a large display of perfumes and talcum powders. Prices are the lowest.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Edna Warren is visiting relatives in Buffalo.

Mrs. Charles Moore of Clearfield is visiting in town.

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane had business in town Monday.

Leo Koenig of Eldred was in town over Easter Sunday.

Miss Rachel Mayo was a Bradford visitor last Saturday.

B. J. Cummins was a Bradford visitor the first of the week.

Mrs. F. S. Sherman of Straights was a visitor in town Monday.

Miss Kathering Reilly of Buffalo is a guest at the home of Mrs. A. Reilly.

Miss Orra Gleason is home from her school in Pittsburg for the Easter vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Raymer of Austin are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Raymer.

Misses Dewly Davis and Pauline Wilson of Bradford are visiting friends in town.

Miss Violet Zeller spent last week with her uncle, Thomas Hanley, of St. Marys.

Miss Josephine Monroe of Olean was a guest of Miss Sylvia Lawrence over Sunday.

Mrs. Daniel Acre of Olean is visiting her sister, Miss Cynthia Chapin of East Smethport.

Mrs. L. H. Robinson of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamlin.

Mrs. E. A. Hamilton was called to Hamburg, N. Y., this week by the illness of her sister.

F. J. Masser spent Sunday with relatives in town, returning Tuesday to his duties at Niagara Falls.

C. C. Lowry of Holland, N. Y., the genial agent of the Nickel Plate, had business in town Tuesday.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers and children of Mt. Jewett are visiting at the home of Mrs. Rogers' father, H. M. Choate.

Masters Lawrence and Hubert Bliss of Bolivar are visiting at the home of their uncle, Sheriff G. W. Mitchell.

Albert Servatius, Smethport's popular baseball player, left Monday for Columbus, O., to join the ball team of that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Grigsby, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Denning, returned to their home in DuBois Monday.

Misses Ora Every of Straights and Gertrude Keating of Clermont were among the out-of-town visitors in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. McClafferty and children of Hazelhurst were visitors over Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry McCarty.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, of Bradford visited Mrs. Thamm's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Abbey, over Sunday, returning to their home Monday.

Mrs. S. P. Lurton and children returned Saturday from a week's visit with friends in Olean and Portville. They were accompanied home by Miss Maude Ludden of Portville.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Agnew of Tionesta, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cunningham, returned to their home Monday. While in town Mr. Agnew, who is a commissioner of Forest county, made this office a very pleasant call.

Bradford Institute of Osteopathy

Treats all diseases and deformities. Specialties—rheumatism, asthma, liver, stomach, kidney and female troubles. Dr. McClaren is a regular graduate and one of the oldest practitioners. Will pay car fare of out of town patients. Eloskey building, Bradford, Pa.

Fine Fall Millinery.

For all the latest creations in fall and winter millinery you should see my stock. The very finest materials and best style is used in all my headgear.

CARRIE REILLY CLARK.

Hay for Sale.

A quantity of good hay for sale; also would like to rent or lease my farm. Mrs. Carolina Washburn, East Smethport, Pa.

Notice to Dog Owners.

All dogs must be tagged by April 1. If not, they will be disposed of according to law. Tags can be purchased from

EDGAR W. STRONG, Burgess.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

CAPS.

From Dame Fashion just received.

To describe them would take more space than I have money to pay for—so I say come and see the

CAPS For MEN For BOYS For GIRLS

The finest caps ever shown in this county for 25c, 50c and 75c at

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1, $1.50 & $2

McCALL PATTERNS 10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

FINE UNDERMUSLIN

Permit us to introduce to you the "Reed" Brand of Muslin Wear. Our first purchase has just arrived and we are so well pleased with the quality and makeup that we want you to see the line as soon as possible—at any rate don't do any buying until you have seen the "Reed" goods—you'll be better satisfied.

"Reed" underwear is for particular women—women who appreciate fine quality and exquisite workmanship. The sizes are cut full—nothing skimpy about the "Reed" make gowns for instance are abot six to eight inches longer and ten to twelve inches wider than standard makes. Better have a look at them.

CORSET COVERS, one piece, 25c to $2. SKIRTS, 50c to 3.50
"REDETTAS," Marguerites, $1 to $3.50. DRAWERS, 25c to $1.50

FRY & COMES.

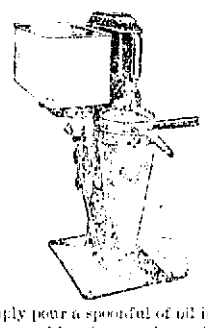
HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD

If you are builoing or repairing come and see our stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Lime, Brick. Cement. Etc., Etc.

Holmes & Gilfillan.



CHUCK THE OIL CAN.

Nothing is dirtier than dripping oil. Ordinary cream separators use oil only once, then let it drop away. **But Sharples Tubular Cream Separators are different**—they use the same oil over and over and don't drip a drop. If you have been using an oil can chuck it and get a Tubular, for

TUBULARS DON'T NEED IT

Tubular gears and bearing are wholly enclosed and entirely self oiling—**not an oil hole on the Dairy Tubular.** To oil the Dairy Tubular, simply pour a spoonful of oil into the gear case once or twice a week that's all. Gears and bearing run in a mist of oil thrown up by the revolving gears. Perfect oiling is only one of many Tubular advantages.

J. W. WAITE, **Smethport, Pa.**

Easter Opening.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23rd.

On account of my increase of business have enlarged my store and wish to solicit inspection of the latest novelties in spring goods.

Full Line of Vantine's Toilet Articles.

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants for Easter

MRS. MARY L. BISETT.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS 10 and 15c

U All No After Dinner Mints 10c and 25c.

BELLE MEAD SWEETS

BON BONS JUST ARRIVED STRICTLY FRESH CHOCOLATES

McCoy's Drug Store

Next to Postoffice.

For Rent.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

Copyright, 1907, by T. C. Purcells.

"Be sure it has six light rooms, all outside," abjured Grace.

"And remember it must be in a nice neighborhood," added Molly.

Rowena sighed. "I'll try," she said resignedly and, tucking her umbrella under her arm, started down the stairs. It was a cool day, with a gray sky and a promise of rain in the air. The streets and boulevards had the faded, dusty look that late summer always wears before the first frost arrives to sharpen and brighten things. Vans laden with furniture passed with a frequency which proclaimed that moving time had come.

"I must remember that all places look less cheerful on a dull day," said Rowena to herself, taking a list out of her pocketbook and running over it with a rueful sigh.

"Bright, attractive apartment, six rooms and bath.' I think I'll try that one, though they all advertise them as attractive, and the reality is a lot of

"IT'S JUST THE PLACE FOR YOUNG MARRIED COUPLES."

stuffy little rooms overlooking an air shaft on one side and somebody's back yard on the other. But I'm starting awfully early in the season, and that ought to give me a better choice."

For a week Rowena had been flat hunting, climbing endless flights of stairs and interviewing a seemingly endless line of real estate agents and janitors. Each morning she set out blithely, and each evening she came back fatigued and disheartened. "The price we went to pay and the kind of an apartment we would like don't seem to fit together," she wailed, recounting her adventures to Molly and Grace at nightfall. And this particular day proved no exception to the rule. By 11 o'clock in the morning she had tramped miles and found nothing suitable.

"Is this the Edgemere?" she wearily inquired of an elevator boy in an apartment building whose marble entrance and artistic green walls were like a ray of hope to her dejected spirits.

"Yes'm," said he of the trim suit and brass buttons.

"I'd like to look at one on the third floor," said Rowena, smiling on him. Rowena's smile was one of her chief charms. It lighted up her piquant face and showed a dimple lurking in her cheek. It would captivate any one from a king to an elevator boy.

The third floor of the Edgemere proved desirable from every point of view. Rowena was delighted. "And all for $50 a month," she breathed.

The boy gaped at her. "Fifty dollars!" he ejaculated. "Why, these here apartments rents for a hundred and fifty!"

"One hundred and fifty! You're certainly mistaken. The paper said"—She opened her pocketbook, found the clipping and showed it to him. He shook his head.

"Misprint, lady," he answered. "They ain't no such price."

"Sure, that's just what I've been telling this gentleman," said a neat looking scrubwoman, suddenly appearing in the doorway. Behind her towered a fair haired young fellow, broad of shoulder and firm of chin. He stared at Rowena for an instant.

"Why, Miss Holden," he cried, with a boyish laugh of pleasure, "are you on the trail too?"

"I should think you'd know it at first glance," said Rowena tragically. "My sisters tell me that my face has taken on the expression of the New York flat hunter—a look of grim despair that is unmistakable."

Dwight Curtis laughed again.

"I wonder if your trials are as great as mine. I'm clubbing together with two other fellows, and trying to fill the wants of each and all is turning me gray. Moreover, I feel I'm getting the rickets from sprinting up so many flights of stairs."

"The building we're in now is going to be torn down, so we have to move, and it's my turn to search," explained Rowena. "And, oh, Mr. Curtis, have you seen any reasonable apartments with light, airy rooms in a pleasant neighborhood not too far from the car line?"

"I have not," Dwight answered gravely, "though I repeat those phrases even in my sleep. I tell you what—why can't we hunt together? It will be a lot more sociable, and two heads are better than one, you know. Besides down at the bench this summer that Hawkins man monopolized so much of your time that it's only fair for me to have my innings now. Shall we go to Seventy-sixth street next?"

"Do you realize," said Rowena a week later as they sat on a bench on Riverside drive, "that time is flying and we've found nothing—absolutely nothing—so far?"

"But we've had a lot of fun," Dwight replied, smiling reminiscently as he thought of sundry strolls they had taken in the park, sundry luncheons tete-a-tete in the little casino, sundry car rides to perfectly irrelevant places, and all with the ostensible excuse of flat hunting.

"This is good enough for me," he went on, with a look first at Rowena and then at the river, where myriads of water craft piled up and down. Steam launches puffed portentously, sailboats gleamed in the sunlight, and an excursion steamer churned past, all flag flying and a band playing lustily on deck. The rows of stone houses facing the drive were closed and silent, the lower windows boarded up, while the half shut blinds of the upper ones gave them a coldness of expression like drooping eyelids.

Rowena toyed with her parasol. She was looking dangerously demure in pale blue. A big, floppy, mannish hat set off the curve of well poised head.

"I feel like a perfect culprit when I return at night," she confessed. "The girls look over me and say what a hard day I must have been through."

"I know," echoed Dwight, grimly sympathetically. "The fellows tell me that I'm a brick and that they're no end grateful, while as it is I'm having the time of my life! Must we really go?" he pleaded as Rowena abruptly gathered up her gloves and parasol.

"I simply must decide on something today," she said, a ring of determination in her voice. "I cannot put it off any longer."

"Let's try this, then," suggested Dwight, looking up at a white stone building on a side street. "This is 29. It looks pretty spick and span, doesn't it? I have an idea that it will do."

Rowena gave a regretful shake of the head.

"It's too small," she declared, glancing about at the little drawing room. "But, oh, what a darling! It's the loveliest one we've seen anywhere! With a little money and a little taste it could be made a perfect jewel box. How the sun streams in, and how dear and cozy this drawing room would be!"

"With a window seat there," said Dwight, "and a bookcase against the wall."

"And some pictures and bits of bric-a-brac on the mantel!" Rowena glowed with enthusiasm.

"And a low round table and a reading lamp," added Dwight delightedly.

The voice of the ever present janitress broke in on them. "I think you'd like it," she observed. "It's just the place for young married couples."

Rowena gasped and retreated. Dwight followed.

"Dear," he besought, "you know I'll exactly as she says it's meant for us and no one else. Ah, Rowena, won't you say that the light which shines through these windows will be our home light? Won't you say that every night at dinner time the woman I love will be waiting here to welcome me? Won't you say"—and there was pitch in his voice as well as tenderness—"won't you say that our flat hunting is over?"

Rowena hesitated.

"I don't know," she began demurely. "I hadn't meant to lease my heart so soon, but since—since so desirable a tenant has applied it seems only right to oblige him with a permanent occupancy, provided he keeps it in good repair!"

Pullman's Giant Passenger.

There was one story of his career that Mr. Pullman used to tell with manifest delight. One night, going out of Chicago, a long, lean, ugly man, with a wart on his cheek, came into the depot. He paid George M. Pullman 50 cents, and half a berth was assigned him. Then he kicked off his boots, which were of surprising length, turned into the berth and, having an easy conscience, was sleeping like a healthy baby before the car left the depot. Along came another passenger and paid his 50 cents. In two minutes he was back at George Pullman.

"There's a man in that berth of mine," said he hotly, "and he's about ten feet high. How am I going to sleep there, I'd like to know? Go and look at him."

In went Pullman—and too. The tall, lank man's knees were under his chin, his arms were stretched across the bed, and his feet were stored comfortably—for him. Pullman shook him until he awoke and then told him if he wanted the whole berth he would have to pay $1.

"My dear sir," said the tall man, "a contract is a contract. I have paid you 50 cents for half this berth, and, as you see, I am occupying it. There's the other half," pointing to a strip about six inches wide. "Sell that and don't disturb me again." And, so saying, the man with the wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln.

Yellowstone Park.

The Yellowstone National park covers an area of 3,348 square miles of territory and embraces within its boundaries specimens of almost every kind of natural scenery—waterfalls, rapids lakes, mountains, boiling springs, mud volcanoes, geysers, canyons, caves, basaltic terraces and giant bowlders worn by erosion into every manner and kind of queer and fantastic shape that the imagination can conceive of. The Yellowstone is at present by far and away the largest park in the world.

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

The Instinct That Leads the Ostrich to Protect Its Eggs.

The nature students—everybody is a nature student nowadays—were trying to outdo one another.

"Eagles when the sun is overhot shade their young with outspread wings," said the first. "On August afternoons I have seen a mother eagle stand patiently two full hours, her left wing spread like an umbrella, while in its cool shade her nestlings slept."

"Squirrels," said the second, "can tell whether a nut is good or bad without opening it. A chestnut, a walnut, a shellbark, they lift it in their little paws, hold it to their faces a moment, then if it is bad cast it aside. How do they tell? By the weight, by the sound? I incline to think they do it by the smell."

"Ostriches never sit," said the third. "They lay their eggs on the pale Saharan sands, and the sun does the rest. But before the ostriches depart from their eggs they place on the top of each a pinch of sand, for they know that the germ will mount to the top and that the sun's heat would kill the germ were it not protected."

"A retired elephant," said the fourth student, "danced very badly at a matinee performance and was never hugely beaten cruelly by its master. That night, hearing a rumbling noise outside, the master crept forth and there in the moonlight he found the ex-pliant carefully practicing its dance steps."

A PRIVILEGE RESERVED.

Ceremonies Witnessed at a Jeweler's Ring Counter.

"I want a plain gold ring for a lady. Best you've got in the store."

"For this lady?"

"Sure! Who else would it be for? Pull off your glove, Kattie, and let the gentleman measure your finger."

The girl withdrew her woolen glove and bashfully extended her small hand, red and toil worn, toward the clerk.

"There, that's about the size," said the jeweler to the girl.

"Do you wish him to put it on?"

"No—not yet," said the blushing girl. "When he puts that ring on, it's on to stay."

Size, quality and price at last were settled satisfactorily, and the young man pulled from his pocket a shining coin.

"Here you are, gold for gold!" he exclaimed proudly. "Nothin' but gold I'll pay for that ring."

"Haven't you anything smaller?" asked the sordid clerk.

"Plenty, but nothin' good enough to pay for that ring."

"Bit of sentiment, eh?" queried an interested bystander.

"Oh, yes, sir," said the girl, with evident pride. "He's been saving that twenty dollar gold piece for nearly four months, waiting to buy this ring."—New York Press.

Your Own Body.

Think deliberately of the house you live in—your body. Make up your mind not to abuse it. Eat nothing that will hurt it; wear nothing that distorts or pains it. Do not overload it with victuals or drink or work. Give yourself regular and abundant sleep. Keep your body warmly clad. At the first sound of danger from any of the thousand enemies that surround you defend yourself. Do not take cold; guard yourself against it. If you feel the first symptoms, give yourself heroic treatment. Get into a fine glow of heat by exercise. This is the only body you will ever have in this world. A large share of pleasure and pain of life will come through the use you make of it. Study deeply and diligently the structure of it, the laws that should govern it, the pains and penalties that will surely follow a violation of every law of life or health.

Torpedo Boats.

Torpedo boats and torpedo destroyers are thin skinned, unarmored craft. Often the steel hull is only about half an inch in thickness, but they travel as fast as many railway trains, some thirty or thirty-five miles an hour. They discharge their deadly bolt and run. A dark, stormy night is their chance. Then, without a light showing, they dash in and launch their torpedo, escaping, if they can, the hail of rapid fire that is sure to deluge them. —Frank E. Channon in St. Nicholas.

Force of Habit.

Realizing that he should pay her a compliment, the chronic debtor hesitates before the beautiful woman. At last he says to her:

"Just make a little tab for me, and next time I'm down your way I'll tell you how well you are looking."

But the look on her countenance was enough to make him realize that compliments must be paid on face value and that beauty keeps no books.—St. Louis Republic.

Friends and Reputation.

He who believes himself surrounded by admirers and whose vanity is hourly feasted with all the luxuries of praise easily persuades himself that his influence will be extended beyond this life; that those who he thinks are proud to be numbered among his friends will endeavor to vindicate his choice by zeal for his reputation.—Dr. Johnson in "Idler Papers."

The Riddle.

His Daughter—Papa, did you know mamma long before you married her? Her Father—Just between you and me, my dear, I don't know her yet.—Chicago News.

It's a sure thing that one can't be sure of anything in this world.—Van Buren Current Local.

There are many kidney remedies but few that accomplish the result. "Pinoles" is a kidney remedy that contains no alcohol or opiates of any kind, complies with the National Pure Food and Drugs Law, guaranted to give satisfaction. Thirty day treatment for $1.00. Inquire about "Pinoles." Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Faison Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

PLIGHT OF THE ACTOR.

Behind the Scenes He Is, in a Manner, a Prisoner.

In a way, behind the scenes is a prison. It is surely one of the very few places where intelligent men and women are locked in their place of work and where no message from the outside world is allowed to reach them. There is a tradition that actor folk are of unusually emotional temperament, and if therefore a telegram is received at the stage door it is never delivered until after the performance. The message might be an invitation to supper, or it might announce that the actor's favorite brother has been hanged, or it might be an offer in a stock company to play twelve times a week, or it might tell the actor that he was the father of twins or that his wife would die without seeing him again unless he came at once to her bedside, but all of this information is supposed not to be good for the actor's emotional disposition, and the telegram is therefore given the same distinction as the "mash" note and kept until after the performance is finished. It cannot be said that the actor's emotional disposition is very seriously considered beyond the cast iron rule in regard to telegrams. His comfort and intelligence have been slightly catered to in a few theaters of very recent date, but for the most part the condition of behind the scenes in most playhouses is not calculated to breed particularly high thoughts of any kind. As a matter of fact, he is treated little better than when he was only a "strolling" player—a gypsy—several centuries ago.—Charles Belmont Davis in Cutting Magazine.

"PLUG" TOBACCO.

An Old Farmer's Story of How the Name Originated.

In the jury room at the courthouse a few days ago an old time farmer said as he took a chew of tobacco:

"All the difference in the world in tobacco. I've tried twenty different kinds, and none is as good as that we used to make ourselves down on the farm. We would take a maple log while 'twas green and bore a dozen holes in it with a two inch auger. They were our molds. We selected our choicest tobacco and soaked it for a week or more in wild honey. Then we'd take the leaf to the log, get a good hickory tamping stick and go to work.

"A little ball of the honey soaked tobacco would be put in the auger hole and tamped in with the stick and a hammer. We'd pound it in solid. Ball after ball would be rammed in and pounded until the whole became a solid plug. When the hole was nearly full, we would pound in the plug, and then the log would be put away to season. As the wood dried the moisture would be drawn from the tobacco. And when it was split the sweetest tobacco ever made was taken from it. We called it 'plug' tobacco, and that's where the name originated."—Kansas City Star.

Cat Laughter?

What was the origin of the phrase "Enough to make a cat laugh?" Dr. Murray's Dictionary notices only "Enough to make a cat speak," which is explained as signifying something extraordinary, especially something very good to drink. "Old Hector able to make a cat speak" is quoted from an early eighteenth century source, and therewith Stephano's remark to Caliban is compared, "Open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat." Miss Squeers' handservant said that only to see Miss Squeers' friend, Miss Price, toss her head was "enough to make a tomcat talk French grammar." But even that is not exactly laughing. Has it anything to do with the mythical Cheshire animal?—London Chronicle.

Dress in Old Massachusetts.

There was an ancient law in Massachusetts that ladies' dresses should be made long enough to hide their shoe buckles. In 1650 an act of the general court prohibited short sleeves and required garments to be lengthened so as to cover the arms to the wrists and gowns to the shoe buckles; "immoderate great breeches, knots of ribbon, broad shoulder bands, and they be, silk roses, double ruffs and cuffs" were forbidden. In the same colony, in 1653, I. Fairbanks was tried for wearing great boots, but was acquitted.

The Early Worm.

Entertaining a children's party at a certain millionaire's house in New York, a woman professional teller of stories to juveniles happened to employ the old proverb, "The early bird catches the worm." A little boy questioned the proverb promptly. "But wasn't the worm foolish," he asked, "to get up early and be caught?" "My dear," said the story teller, "that worm hadn't been to bed at all. He was just getting home."

Girl Friends.

Nell—Did you tell her I couldn't come? Belle—Yes, and she seemed surprised. Nell—But didn't you explain to her that I've got the chickenpox? Belle—Yes; that's what surprised her. She said you were no chicken. —Catholic Standard and Times.

Five Indispensable Drugs.

"You need five drugs," said a foolish physician to a patient—"water, food, air, sleep and exercise." But the patient sought another doctor, and the foolish physician died poor.—Saturday Evening Post.

Turn your sorrows outward into currents of sympathy and deeds of kindness, and they will become a stream of blessings.—Cuyler.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

THE SHORT NOSES.

Something to Be Said In Favor of Those Who Wear Them.

"Physiognomists tell us that the big nosed people do the world's work," said a short nosed man the other day, "and they generally add a lot of rubbish about Napoleon's big nose and how he always selected big nosed men to carry out daring undertakings.

"That Napoleon story was invented by some one with a nose like Cyrano de Bergerac, who wanted an excuse for his proboscis and therefore pretended that his nose was but the introduction to a massive, imposing character. It is true that a big nose is sometimes indicative of firmness and determination, but only when it is associated with a strong jaw and long chin. A big nose with a retiring chin is almost idiotic in the expression it gives to the countenance. Every caricaturist knows this. Whenever you see a cartoon of a society dude it shows a long nose and a small chin.

"But there is something to be said in favor of the short noses. The short nose shows wit, pragmatism, good judgment, discretion. Speeches had a short nose, and of the Bourbons the two writers in almost any language a man could be pointed with scorn to people. Long nosed kings do their share of the world's work, but the short noses write the plays. It was all the understanding of Shakespeare had had a long nose the Duke of Wellington, Caesar, or even Pope that we would have had of 'Merry Wives of Windsor' or 'Twelfth Night.' Long noses have a superficial humor, but would never have made a Rabelais artist.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

POLITICAL SPIES.

They Are Quite Common All Over the Continent of Europe.

On the continent of Europe it is quite a common thing for royal personages to be subjected to espionage, mainly, of course, for political reasons.

In France, Spain, Russia, Germany and Austria the practice obtains. At one time during the reign of Napoleon III. a small army of political spies was engaged in watching royal suspects. In fact, the vigilance of the different parties was so great that there were three or four distinct secret services. The emperor had his; the empress had hers; the government and the republicans respectively had theirs—all employed to watch the other parties and their spies.

Moreover, Bismarck had his spy over the emperor. So that France was overridden by spies, the most important, however, being Bismarck's, to whom the war was indeed to a great extent due.

This secret service agent was a German doctor, whose advice the unfortunate emperor even preferred to that of his own court physicians, and thus Bismarck knew even better than Napoleon the real state of the latter's health, which was, of course, a very important factor in the political situation at those times.—Pearson's Weekly.

He Could Run.

He could run, all right, all right, all right. He had to. Talk about your sprinters that spring for sport this party has learned to run or starve, as it has had never forget how. Why, one night he tore himself loose from a cot and it seemed like the whole hunt-crew was crippled. I used to try him out by givin' him a start an' shootin' at him. If he beat the bullet, we figgered he was up to form, but if the lead overtook him we'd call it an off day an' unload the cartridges. I've seen him scare a jack rabbit up till it was workin' under forced drafts, then limp up to it from behind an' kind of yawn an' stretch, an' then goad it to wake up or else get off the trail an' let somebody run that knowed how.—McClure's Magazine.

Oh, Yes, of Course.

Of the many children and women in Nazareth, Palestine, who have picked up a little English all have a way of saying "of course" instead of a simple "yes." The expression which French people catch up as characteristic of the American and Englishman is always "Oh, yes!" A correspondent, who has cycled down the Rhone valley, about Provence and along the Riviera, found himself greeted with "Oh, yes!" by the children in the streets of nearly every town. And he discovered when his attention had been called to the point in this way that "Oh, yes!" was really what he and his companions were always saying.

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing Hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help.

If you would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these Nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
(ALL DEALERS)

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secy. of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Senator of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnamahoning.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. P. Dalhgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford; Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lucia Hyde secretary; Alfred Bradley, A. Aldridge, J. D. Brooks, Jame. Herriman, C. Cunningham, G. H. Spring.
Treasurer—[illegible]
Chief of Police—[illegible]
Lock Constable—[illegible]
School Director—[illegible]
Health Officer—[illegible]
Auditors—[illegible]
Assessor—[illegible]
Judge—[illegible]
Inspectors of Election—[illegible]

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 468, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE B. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work history degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth evenings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. [illegible] meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

[illegible]
G. B. [illegible]

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 242, meets first Thursday evening of each month, [illegible] in the old rooms.

[illegible]
H. M. CHASE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Prest.
MRS. ROSE PETRIE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Xerus Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. L. M.—Brown Hive, No. 28, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

[illegible]
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 37, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall. Pocket book at [illegible].

JAMES LYNCH, [illegible].
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—[illegible] every Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the W. C. T. U. Hall.

[illegible]
MRS. MARY L. STILES, Secy.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. GOLDTHORP, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORE HOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:30 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

His Great Discovery.

By Cecily Allen.

Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

The Pelham twin who wore pettiskirts smiled in superior fashion on the Pelham twin who wore pants.

The proud possessor of infinitesimal knickerbockers glared back at her of the petticoats.

"I shall have to tell mumzey," said Miss Pettiskirts.

"If you do I shall pinch you black and blue," replied her brother, nearly tearing himself away from Douglas Raymond, newly arrived assistant at Morris Manor school, who was awkwardly trying to fasten coat buttons for his rebellious pupil.

"Natalie has been waiting most an hour. She says your naughtiness will give her new money, maybe, and you'll be sorry when she's dead."

"I won't give her anything of the sort, you ninny," replied the Pelham in pants as he jerked on his mitten. "And I love Natalie much better than you do! Anyway, I was only kept in ten minutes, eh, Mr. Raymond?"

Very gravely Douglas Raymond drew out his watch and glanced at it.

"Twelve minutes, and you might have gone two minutes ago if you had not tied the sleeves of your coat together. Tell your nurse that the next time you are kept in for being a naughty boy she had best come inside and wait."

The Pelham twins trotted sturdily toward the door, the boy flinging over his shoulder:

"Natalie is not our nurse. We don't have a nurse any more. She's our sister." Then, stopping stock still, he added: "And there will not be any next time. Cracky, won't Natalie be tickled when I tell her you thought she was our nurse!"

Douglas Raymond sighed as the door closed on the twins. Then he crossed the room and stood looking down in the street. And for this he had taken high college honors!

He had just passed a [illegible] professorship — [illegible] upon him he had not dared to refuse for [illegible] of Morris Manor [illegible] school [illegible] Hudson. How [illegible] ter, after [illegible] on the [illegible] For [illegible] his work [illegible] moves.

Morris Manor was a boarding school for boys, with a few day pupils drawn from the rich owners of country homes thereabouts. Just across the tree lined avenue was a fashionable school for girls. Evidently from this school had come the small sister of his rebellious pupil. He leaned over the window ledge to see whether they were safely on their homeward way, and suddenly his fingers gripped the rough stone ledge.

The twins were dawdling up the street, one on either side of a tall, slender girl, [illegible] her well [illegible]

[illegible] ery afternoon Raymond stood at the window and watched the slender figure with its two small charges hurry through the crisp winter air. She must have changed, he argued to himself. Certainly she had settled down, for she could not be doing the operations and receptions and call for those children every afternoon.

And then came the day of the blizzard. Raymond watched it shut down on Morris Manor and could hardly keep away from the window. Was she coming for those children on foot? By the way, it was odd that she never came with a sleigh or carriage. Other children were claimed by fur clad footmen or strong older brothers. Nearly all the day pupils were gone. Patty Pelham had not even tried to come across the street from the school for girls. Raymond began to pace the floor.

"Do you think your sister has forgotten or is afraid to come out? Don't you think you had better go home with Wilfred Bailey when his mother sends for him?"

"Oh, Natalie will be here all right. She's probably fussing with Patty's rubbers. Natalie is not afraid of anything."

Ten minutes later she staggered down the street, and Raymond dashed downstairs, drawing her through the door and shutting out the mad storm, with a thousand furies tearing at his heart. Why had he not gone to meet her? He led her into the class room, tore off her wraps, chafed her hands and her face, sending the oldest boy to the principal's office for brandy and help.

An hour passed before the strain was over, and then they sat facing each other in Mrs. Morris' small sitting room. An awkward silence fell between them.

"Please do not worry any more," he said finally. "I caught your house on the phone just before the wires went down, and no one is worrying. The teachers at Miss Montgomery's will look after Patty, and Mrs. Morris is having a room made ready for you to stop here. You are quite sure you feel no pain in your side or chest? Are you quite comfortable?"

The girl leaned back in her chair and smiled.

"I am comfortable—and happy. How far on Jane Street. It must have been in the dark ages"—

Douglas Raymond leaned forward and looked into her eyes. There was no subdued in the answering glance.

"When your father failed—when you were in trouble, why did you never write? You must have known—that the altered circumstances broke down the one barrier between us."

"Oh, they were not so much altered. I wasn't suffering, you know. We have a little left—enough to educate the children and live comfortably—and"—

"Yes? Didn't you want me?" he whispered.

"I was afraid—you might think that all that sort of thing had made any difference before. It hadn't, you know—only you would not speak"—

"Oh, and you told Patty it was not nice to let boys kiss her, and you're doing it."

Raymond stood up very suddenly, and Natalie, leaning over the back of her chair, laughed into Willie's shocked face.

"Did you remark that dinner was [illegible]?"

"No, I didn't, but it is, and if you don't [illegible] I shall tell Mrs. Morris."

Leather Guns.

[illegible] ent of a cannon [illegible] mother of leather invented that [illegible] a matter of dispute between the natives of Sweden and Scotland. According to one account, they were built of the most hardened leather, girt about with hoops of iron and brass. According to another, they had a core of tin and were bound round with cordage. In neither case could they be expected to last long, though we are told that they could be "brought to discharge" as often as ten times in succession, but when we reflect how few are the rounds that can be fired from the monster guns of our own day without renewal of the inner tube we cannot afford to sneer at the shortness of their life. They were at any rate mobile, for they could be carried on a pony's back or stacked together by the half dozen in "barricades of wood" borne on wheels. Moreover, they did good service more than once, as, for instance, at Newburn and at Cropredy bridge. Later on they seem to have fallen into disrepute, for we hear of the "leather guns by which the king and country hath been cheated," though even at Killiecrankie Mackay had some of "Semple's drogs," as they were called, with him.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Cataplasm.

An ailing young doctor settled in a village where an old physician had long presided. One day the two were brought together at a consultation, and on this occasion the young M. D. essayed to overawe with the old man with his pragmadocrosity of knowledge. He accordingly began to rattle off Latin phrases and French idioms in a manner that startled the old gentleman.

"Yes," mused the old man meditatively as he rubbed his chin, "that's so, that's so. But what do you think of a cataplasm for this case?"

"A—a what?" ejaculated the new doctor, completely dumfounded.

"A cataplasm," was the reply.

"Well, I am not familiar with that mode of treatment, though I've seen it advertised. It's something new, isn't it?"

"Now? Great gracious, no!" exclaimed the old physician, thoroughly enjoying the joke. "A cataplasm means simply a poultice. It always has meant a poultice and probably always will."

The young doctor straightway subsided.—London Mail.

CARE OF CHAMELEONS.

How These Little Creatures Can Be Kept Alive For Years.

Chameleons can be kept alive for years by making a frame to fit over a plant in a flowerpot and covering it with mosquito netting, which must be long enough to tie with a string about the pot. Keep the pot in the sunniest window and water the plant every day through the netting. You will be surprised to see how eagerly the little creatures will drink the running water after they get over their fear. Set a wire fly trap for flies, which you can liberate under the netting. The chameleons will not be backward about helping themselves.

In winter they do not require much food, but will relish a meal worm occasionally on sunny days. Meal worms can sometimes be got at the grain stores for the asking or can be purchased at the bird stores, or small spiders can be found in cracks and crannies asleep for the winter. They may be frozen stiff if found out of doors, but they revive in a warm room.

Chameleons enjoy a place to sleep in nights and winters. Take a piece of red flannel four inches wide and eight inches long; roll it over a stick as large round as your finger and sew it while on the stick so that it will not come unwound; then slip off and run a wire through it long enough to suspend it from one of the branches on the plant. The chameleon will crawl into this cozy bed and go to sleep.—St. Nicholas.

GRAFTING FISH TAILS.

An Interesting Art In Which the Japanese Are Experts.

Among the many interesting arts in which the Japanese excel is that of the making of fish tails. Almost every one has seen the bush tailed goldfish, with its four, five and sometimes more long, wavy tails, but it is not generally known that most of them are not its own.

When the little goldfish are very, very young their flesh is as clear as glass, so that one can see every bone in their tiny bodies. At this time the few that are born with two or more tails are put by themselves, and then a queer looking old dame, with a great magnifying glass fixed in front of his eye and two sharp tools handy, reaches down under the water and cuts off the tails of the plain little fish, and then three or four of these tails are joined on to the backbone where the one was cut off and fastened there with tiny bandages until they grow fast.

The Japanese, who are very skillful in queer things of this kind, grow the finest goldfish in the world, and it is a very good business, for very fine fish of this kind often bring as much as $200 to $500, and one sold not long ago for $1,000.

The Lady of the Lake.

"In the Days of Scott" there are two anecdotes about Sir Walter Scott's children in connection with his poem, "The Lady of the Lake."

One day his daughter was met by James Ballantyne, the publisher, in her father's library and asked what she thought of the poem. She replied that she had not read it as it had [illegible] for young [illegible] poems [illegible] poetry."

Scott's son, Walter, returned from school [illegible] with [illegible] that he had read it in a day. His father asked him what he thought of the poem. He replied that he had thought it called a "dam fine" and had read on it.

A little questioning showed that young Walter's schoolfellows had nicknamed him "The Lady of the Lake," which name the boy did not understand except as a reproach to his manliness.

The Joys of Relic Hunting.

Quite apart from the beauty and intrinsic worth of such things, it is astonishing on looking back on one's experiences of collecting to realize how much pleasure one has got out of even a dilettante quest of antiques. The exhilarating joy of this treasure hunt, the finding of the treasure, the bargaining for it and the final bearing of it home in triumph, unwrapping it and discussing its beauties and merits, are things which add zest to life. And, as the taste for beautiful old things is more or less an acquired one and can be cultivated, this is a joy in which most people who are fortunate enough to have a little spare cash and a little spare time can share.—London Tatler.

The Joy of Owning Land.

There is a distinct joy in owning land, unlike that which you have in money, in houses, in books, pictures or anything else which men have devised. Personal property brings you into society with men. But land is a part of God's estate in the globe, and when a parcel of ground is deeded to you and you walk over it and call it your own it seems as if you had come into partnership with the original Proprietor of the earth.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Cause of His Joy.

"What are you looking so happy over, old man?"

"I am rejoicing over the birth of twins."

"Great Scott! I congratulate you!"

"Don't congratulate me. Go and congratulate Evans. He's the lucky man. I never did like him."—Philadelphia Enquirer.

His Attentions.

Nan—How attentive young Mr. Allgawn is to his pretty wife! Fan—I don't wonder you notice it, but you must have been misinformed. They are not married yet.—Chicago Tribune.

By Special License

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN.

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Autumn was dying in a blaze of crimson and gold. Everywhere color fairly rioted, from the vivid blue of the cloudless arching sky, against which the green of scattered firs stood sharply defined, down to the wind blown leaves through which the old white horse shuffled his slow way. Squire Godfrey, justice of the peace for the county and now out riding circuit, let fall the reins while he gratefully inhaled long breaths of the clear crisp air. The nuts must surely be ripening.

From the woods on his left rang out the merry voices of children, and involuntarily the squire smiled. In those very woods forty years ago he and Hetty had gone a-nutting—Hetty, with her dancing roguish brown eyes, her plain little calico frock and the deep sunbonnet always hanging by one string. How distinctly he could see the little figure!

Then the shaggy gray eyebrows met in a heavy frown over the keen blue eyes. What was Hetty to him but the girl who had flouted and mocked him, driving him away from home for these wretched ten years! Well, he had come back and made a success of his life, and the squire's frown smoothed itself as he reflected on the prosperity which was his. And Hetty had married Johnson Wetherby, who had died not long after, leaving her with one boy to educate and care for. She had done it well, admitted the squire grudgingly. But that young John should have presumed to court his Susie! The squire's frown became a scowl as he whipped up the old white horse. He would have none of that nonsense.

Luckily Susie was a good girl. She submitted quietly enough to the thundering pronunciamento launched at her head by the irate squire. She was not to see Wetherby, not to write to him, except the one letter conveying her father's decision.

"And you cannot marry him without my consent for three years yet."

"HETTY," SHE MURMURED.

chuckled the squire, "for I won't sign the license. Of course if you choose to run off to some other county"—

But Susie shook her head. No, she would not do that.

It was well that he had been so firm, pursued the squire. He had been proved in the right, for it was a year now since Susie had even mentioned John's name. She was cured, just as he predicted she would be; otherwise he would scarcely have felt safe leaving her in charge of the office, according to former custom. But he could trust Susie; she was his own child. Perhaps the squire overlooked the fact that he himself had not yet forgotten.

As he drew up at the little inn which was to be his first halting place the man was surprised to see a familiar looking buggy already fastened in the trim wooden shed. The tavern was a quaint, homely building, white and square, with tall pillars and green shutters. At the rear ran a wide, sunny veranda. The squire, going through the dark, chilly hallway, pushed open the side door. Then he stopped short. Facing him was a slim, white faced little woman clad in dusty black bombazine. She wore hands, tightly clasped together, shook a bit, but the face [illegible] with the old [illegible]

"Let me," she [illegible]

"Hetty," repeated the squire, helplessly breaking the silence of thirty years.

A sudden appeal [illegible] into the calm face. Her nerves strained themselves [illegible] her [illegible] gloves.

"Indeed," she [illegible] "I want to speak to you. I've waited so for a long time, but you wouldn't let me. Then John told me that you would probably stop here today"—

"Ah, yes, John," said the squire in an altered tone. "For the moment I had forgotten John. It is to him, then, that I am indebted for this pleasure," his stubborn mouth writhing into a sudden sarcasm.

Mrs. Wetherby regarded him with a level glance.

"Yes, it is John," she said steadily. "For my own sake I should never have pleaded. That you chose to take as serious a bit of girlish folly, a childish pique which one kind word from you would have melted, for all that—let it go. The past is past. But John, my boy—must his life, too, be spoiled? He loves your daughter, she loves him," unbuckling the squire's angry flush. "Must they lose their youth and let life's sweetest years be sacrificed merely to satisfy a dislike of [illegible]uel?" A passionate energy inspired her eager words.

"Dislike," repeated the squire thoughtfully. "Dislike. Was it really that?" Whatever his faults, the squire was truthful. "But, Hetty," a sudden warmth breaking into his own voice, "Hetty, you said—you said 'spoiled too.' Do you mean that you cared? Did you, Hetty?" with compelling eyes on hers.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wetherby simply. "I cared. And you wrote [illegible] you never wrote, and so I married Johnson Wetherby. He was a good husband." A sudden [illegible] of loyalty toward the dead surged within her.

"And I married Susan Martin," mused the squire aloud, but he was conscious of what he was saying. A great wonder held him fast. Was this the quiet, self repressed woman who all these years had sat across the aisle from him every Sunday morning in church, this slender, vibrant creature, trembling in the might of her demand for happiness of her son? Was this the woman whom he had believed without feeling? In a sudden flash of insight he caught himself, a man cherishing the hidden resentment which year by year hardened character and face, while she— A tender reverence slowly crept into the stern old eyes.

"Come," he said gently, "we'll have some dinner, and then we can talk about John."

When, a week later, the squire's buggy pulled up before the honeysuckle laden porch of home, the owner's brows were drawn together into a semblance of its former frown. The mouth held its accustomed lines. Only in the deep set blue eyes a new light gleamed irrepressibly. But Susie did not see. The girl came slowly to the door. Close behind followed a tall, slim young fellow with steady brown eyes. The squire stared.

"Father," announced Susie, pale, but resolute, "I want to tell you at once that I'm married to John. The blank licenses for any one needing them were on your desk already signed. It was only necessary to fill in the names. I—I hope you forgive me. But if you don't," as her father still stared with features unrelaxed, "I'm ready to go. I couldn't leave the house alone, though. And, besides, I wanted to tell you myself. We were married this morning." The squire's own defiant will beamed from her blue eyes. She was his own child, all right, the squire recognized, with an amused recollection of his former thought, and he could hardly suppress himself for issuing a license to a minor without her parent's consent, his own name being signed to the document.

The squire threw down his reins.

"Well," he capitulated, "if it's done, it's done. And we were planning to give you such a fine wedding too!" Then as an amazed "we" broke from the startled girl Squire Godfrey bowed over and patted the curly head.

"I'm not going to scold," he declared heartily. "That is, I'm [illegible] my self. My wife is waiting [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

At the Complaint Desk.

....By KATE AUSTIN.

Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

For the third time Marian Macrea rose from the uncomfortable settee that faced the complaint desk and approached the young woman, seated behind the wide window, who was talking to the checker.

"Of course it gave her a good chance to let us all know what nice white arms she has, but my mother 'd see me in my grave before she'd let me go to a ball in any such costume as that."

"Will you kindly ascertain whether they have found my parcel yet?" interrupted Marian, tapping the desk lightly with the tips of her gloved fingers.

The young person flung her an impatient look.

"What parcel?"

"The one about which I inquired at intervals for the past half hour."

"What's your name and what's wrong with the bundle?" inquired the girl in bored tones.

"You took my name twice and telephoned the delivery department, and I am waiting for their report. Why don't you call them again and see whether the parcel has been located?"

"Say, do you think I want to get the delivery boys down on me? If they find it, they'll tell me quick enough"—

"If"— echoed Marian, her delicate face flushing under the girl's cool impertinence.

"Well, I'll take your name and address and drop you a postal when we find it."

"Indeed, you will not. I want it now," said Marian, and she walked away from the window, with head high and nostrils quivering.

"Wonder if she's going down into the subcellar to get it," giggled the young person to the checker. "It is funny how some swells think they can come in here and run this store. I guess she doesn't know we've got a system here."

Then while the girl continued her account of the fancy dress ball Marian crossed to the main aisle, found a floorwalker and asked to be directed to the superintendent of employees. Five minutes later she was ushered into the presence of a smooth faced, square shouldered chap who looked as if he had received his training on the football gridiron rather than as stock boy in a big department store.

Richard Burnside had risen from the lowest ranks in the store where he was now superintendent, studying practical business methods by day and physical culture and English branches at the Y. M. C. A. rooms by night.

Now he stood beside his desk, Marian Macrea's card bent between his fingers. He looked the slender, graceful figure over with the keen eye of a man accustomed to seeking good material for his staff and decided that she must be a reporter or magazine writer hunting information about the condition of the working girl. He had met many such since he had become superintendent.

"What can we do for you, Miss Macrae?" he inquired, offering her a seat.

"I merely called to ask you whether your complaint department had been organized for the convenience of your customers or to browbeat them so effectually that they will endure almost any inconvenience rather than make complaint?"

Richard Burnside sat down rather suddenly. This was not just what he had expected.

Very deliberately, but convincingly, Marian told her story, from the indifference of the clerk who had first waited on her to the impertinence of the young woman at the complaint desk. When she had finished, Burnside leaned forward, his hands clasped between his knees, his face boyish no longer, but seamed deeply with lines of anxiety.

"Miss Macrea, you have been treated outrageously, and so have many of our customers, and I, the superintendent of this store, cannot find a remedy, because I cannot handle women employees. I can handle the boys in this line, because I know boys, but the indifferent, the insolent woman employee is beyond me."

He glanced up to meet Marian's sympathetic glance. Impulsively he told her of his humble beginning, the pride with which he had accepted his new work and his many vexations and trials with incompetent help.

"I have had five girls at that complaint desk, each less satisfactory than the one before her. If I could just find a girl with judgment, discretion and good manners—but you can't expect to find such a girl for $12 a week, can you?"

His big gray eyes were lifted to Marian's brown ones.

She laughed, a queer, chuckling little laugh that seemed to fairly bubble up from her slender white throat.

"Do you think I would fill the bill? I would like to earn $12 a week."

"You?" gasped Burnside, his glance traveling from her neat boots to her trim tailored hat.

"Why, yes. When I came in here I never thought of such a thing, though I have been wanting a position of some sort. I believe I would know whether a woman had a just complaint or was trying to cheat the firm, and I have always been complimented on my tact. I know I have patience, because I have been—companion to an invalid for several years. If you would consider the proposition, I can furnish references."

"I don't give a fig for references. You're engaged. Can you begin Monday? I'll put that girl back where she belongs—in the mail order department."

And that was how Marian Macrea walked out of the Barnes Bros.' store with a job in her pocket and an odd little smile playing around her lips.

Three months passed. Burnside was no longer worried about the conduct of the complaint department. In fact, he argued that the reason he dropped in to talk complaints over with its presiding head was merely as a relief after other worries. It was a pleasure to see a department run so smoothly. And all over the big store the same atmosphere was beginning to assert itself. There were weekly talks to the women clerks, at which reports from floorwalkers and complaining customers were offered; little lectures on the smoothing out of tangles and the adjustment of differences were given. The sales girls took a new view of selling goods and handling customers, and none knew that these talks were all planned out in a charming little uptown apartment, where the superintendent and the head of the complaint department gravely discussed store problems while the invalid mother forgot her own pains in listening to the new interests of her daughter.

Then came the great day when James Barnes, Sr., returned from his trip around the world. Richard Burnside had no need to give account of his stewardship. Others had done so in letters that encircled the globe, and so one bright spring morning the head of the house sat in his superintendent's office saying the sort of things that warm an employee's heart when there came a tap at the door, and a girl with soft brown hair and eyes entered the office, her hands filled with report slips.

"Mr. Barnes, I want you to know Miss Macrea. She very capable"—

But Mr. Barnes, quite apoplectic, was sputtering for relief.

"Marian, what in the world! If you wanted something to do, why didn't you go in for settlement work?"

Richard Burnside felt the little office splendor around as Marian crossed the room and patted the apoplectic forehead soothingly with her slender white hand.

"Dear Uncle Jimmy, do not have a stroke. With the head of the firm globe trotting and everything mother and I had in the world in this store, I felt I had a right to come in here and see that our small investment was safe. You couldn't expect Jimmy or Howard to do it when one has a new motor and the other a new yacht."

Ten minutes later Marian laid her reports on Burnside's desk and turned to leave. He held the door open for her, and as she flung him a cheery smile she stopped suddenly. His face looked old. His eyes were heavy, as if they had watched something very lovely and dear pass out of his life. She paused irresolutely and glanced over her shoulder. Mr. Barnes, Sr., was just passing through the opposite doorway into the mail order department.

"You will be up tonight, as usual? I want to talk over the question of a new rest room for the girls."

Richard Burnside's face went a shade paler, and he spoke in a voice he had never used to her before.

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"Of course I wish it." She tried to speak gayly, but her voice trembled. "Don't you understand? I want everything to go on just as it has before. Oh, why do you make it so hard for me?" His face was still stern, but she persisted. "I I want you to tell me—what—what I would not let you say the other night—because now I know it was all for myself—don't you understand?"

She passed out like a dash and drew the door shut behind her. Richard Burnside leaned heavily against it, breathing hard, but the light of youth had come back to his eyes.

A Stolen Trade Secret.

The manufacture of tinware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need to be informed that tinware is simply thin sheet iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron. Dip the iron in a bath of boiling tin and remove it enveloped in the silvery metal to a place of cooling. In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult of arts. It was discovered in Holland and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly half a century. England tried to discover the secret in vain until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, crossed the channel, insinuated himself surreptitiously into a tin plate manufactory, made himself master of the secret and brought it home.

Women and Jewelry.

"Women know a great deal more about buying jewelry now than they knew twenty-five years ago," said a jeweler. "When I first started in the business a clerk with a persuasive tongue could talk a woman into buying most anything. It wasn't safe for her to step inside a shop unless she had a man along. Now the average woman knows more about jewels than the average man. Of course they can be fooled—anybody can but an expert—but as a rule she buys with a surprising knowledge of value, and her taste in the cutting and setting is excellent."—New York Post.

Brains.

"A man stood on his head twenty minutes in order to win a wager. He died the next day."

"What killed him? Congestion of the brain?"

"No; if he had had any brains he wouldn't have done it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Specified.

"When in trouble," said the eminent lecturer, "refrain from worrying."

"But, doctor," asked a woman in the audience, "how can we?"

"Anyway," replied the lecturer, "refrain from worrying other people."

Worse Still.

She—You'll be glad to learn, dear, that I've got out of visiting our relatives. He—Grand! Splendid! It hung over me like a cloud. How did you manage it? She—Oh, I asked them here!—Life.

Meeting the Situation.

"I wonder if there's anything serious between that tall girl and the little captain?"

"I think there is. She has had the heels of all her shoes lowered."—Fliegende Blatter.

AN ARGUMENT OF FORCE.

Napoleon Smashed a Vase, and the Treaty Was Signed.

Early in April, 1797, the people of Austria Concerned peace with France. Negotiations were begun in the vicinity of Leoben. Bonaparte, in an interview with the Austrian plenipotentiaries, said to them, "Your government has sent against me four armies without generals, and this time a general without an army." In the treaty which the Austrian commissioners projected the first article stipulated that the emperor of Austria thereby recognized the French republic. "Erase it!" exclaimed Napoleon. "The existence of the republic is as plain as the sun. This article is only fit for the blind. We are our own masters and shall establish any government we prefer. If one day the French people," he continued, "should wish to create a monarchy, the emperor might object that he had recognized a republic." The preliminaries were soon settled, Napoleon signing for France, thus placing himself on an equal footing with the emperor of Austria. The formal treaty known as Campo Formio was signed in October, 1797. Austria fulfilling the pledges she had already given. The Austrian plenipotentiary protested against the distribution of the provinces beyond the Adige. Napoleon was angered at this, and, seizing a vase, dashed it to the ground, exclaiming: "If it is not so arranged I will break your monarchy as I have broken this vase." This argument of force, as demonstrated to the diplomat was convincing, and the treaty was signed.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

Don't Develop the Mind at the Expense of the Body.

The man or woman who would train the mental faculties without any reference to the physical shows a faulty qualification for the work in which he or she may be engaged. The mind may be ever so well trained and stored with knowledge of the books, but unless there is behind it a reasonably strong body life runs the risk of being a failure; if not that, an existence of pain that serves as a limitation upon its possibilities. It is a species of cruelty to educate the mind at the expense of the body. Better let a child grow up into manhood or womanhood with an inferior education than with a better education of the mind and a body weakened in the effort.

The fact that so many men in this country who have succeeded in business and in professional and public life have been the sons of farmers, whose early life has been spent out of doors, has been a subject of remark. May it not be accounted for on the ground that in their boyhood their physique was developed so that in after life, besides their mental acquirements, they had strong bodies with which to do the work they have so successfully performed? This is not only possible, but very probable.—Knoxville Journal.

They Called Him Vanus.

It is curious how inconsistent are the prejudices of people in regard to the use of heathen names. Mr. Payn, in his "Gleams of Memory," tells an amusing story of Dean Burgon, who objected to the name of the goddess of beauty, but found no fault with that of the god of the woods.

An infant was brought to the church for christening, and the name proposed for it was Vanus. "Vanus?" repeated the dean. "I suppose you mean Venus. Do you imagine I am going to call a Christian child by that name, and least of all a male child?"

The father of the infant urged that he only wished to name it after his grandfather. "Your grandfather!" cried the dean. "I don't believe it. Where is your grandfather?" He was produced—a poor old soul of eighty or so, bent double and certainly not looking in the least like the goddess in question. "Do you mean to tell me, sir, that any clergyman ever christened you 'Vanus,' as you call it?"

"Well, no, sir. I was christened Sylvanus, but they always calls me 'Vanus.'"

A Beggar's Bonison.

An Irish beggar woman following a gentleman who had had the misfortune to lose his nose kept exclaiming:

"Heaven preserve your honor's eyesight."

The gentleman was at last annoyed at her importunity and said:

"Why do you wish my eyesight to be preserved? Nothing ails my eyesight nor is likely to."

"No, your honor," said the Irishwoman, "but it will be a sad thing if it does, for you will have nothing to rest your spectacles upon."

Ways to Spend It.

Husband—What do you think, dear? I've had my salary raised $10 a month! His Wife—Oh, isn't that nice! Now we can have that second girl, a telephone and a piano, and I can take lessons in china painting, can't I?

What We Really Need.

Each of us in our own small dream [illegible] whatever you like to call it which [illegible] developed at all, should [illegible] that is [illegible] realization [illegible] that is worth [illegible] tration. [illegible]

In using a cough syrup why not get the best? One that comes recomended is Bees Laxative Cough Syrup, contains Honey and Tar and is superior to other cough syrups in many ways. Children always like it because it contains no opiates, is a laxative and is guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money returned Try it. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Coughs and colds contracted this season of the year should have immediate attention. Bees laxative cough syrup, contains Honey and Tar and is unequalled for horseness, croup and coughs. Pleasant to take; mothers endorse it; children like to take it. Contains no opiates. Moves the bowels. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport Pa. C. A. Anderson Colegrove Pa.

The Man Who Works

every day, out in the cold, rough weather—fine, snowy, blowy, rainy, can get protection that protects him against the blasts and sting of winter weather.

Winter is not a supposition, although late in coming, will be here and may stay late.

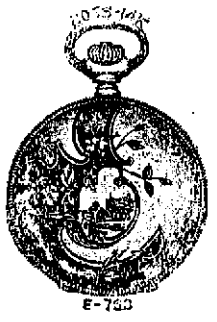
All we want to do is to impress on your mind for future reference that we have Lambs' Wool Coats, —Fur Gloves, outside and inside—and all the clothing that the outdoor man is liable to want.

Not forgetting that the man who works inside needs work clothes too—that we have.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece o
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

R. G. TERRY.
MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF KEATING TOWNSHIP FOR THE YEAR 1906.

P. A. Gallup, Treasurer, in account with Keating Road Duplicate, for year 1906.

Dr.		
To amt. of Road Duplicate Bond	$1541 13	
To amt. error on Duplicate Bond	3 63	
To amt. received from Co. Treasurer Bond	531 75	
To amt. received from Coll. Farley bond	539 00	
To amt. received from McGill's bondsmen bond	387 10	
To amt. received from ex-Coll. Bray bond	8 31	$2713 03
Cr.		
By paid on bonds	1500 00	
By paid interest on bonds	110 55	
By paid commission on $1,940.88 @ 2%	32 82	
By paid 3% commission allowed taxpayers on bond	50 18	
By turned over to Collector Farley for collection	488 44	
By due Keating township to balance	502 74	2713 03
Dr.		
To amt. of duplicate special	1344 13	
To amt. of error on duplicate special	3 63	
To amt. received from co. treasurer special	530 53	
To amt. received from Coll. Farley special	488 00	
To amt. received from McGill's bondsmen special	387 18	
To amt. received from ex-Coll. Bray	8 31	2711 80
Cr.		
By amount paid on Judgments	921 25	
By amount paid commission on $921.25 @ 2%	12 42	
By 3 allowed taxpayers	50 18	
By amount turned over to Coll. Farley for collection	488 00	
By amount due Keating twp to balance	1311 95	2711 80
Dr.		
To amount of duplicate road bond per capita	931 00	
To amount of work tax collected cash	122 77	
To amount received from co. treasurer road fund	1071 70	
To amount received from O. T. Chase auto fine	9 80	
To amount receive from ex-Supervisor Brown road fund	33 55	
To due Treasurer Gallup from road fund	1015 01	3086 83
Cr.		
By paid for work on road	723 28	
By paid for freight and material	699 27	
By paid for stationery and printing	90 13	
By paid road master's services	782 05	
By paid on old bills	275 50	
By paid secretary's salary	100 00	
By paid auditor	4 00	
By paid town clerk	6 00	
By paid justice fees	3 00	
By paid supervisor expenses	7 80	
By paid for two new bridges	245 00	
By paid for new tools and two road machines	455 20	
By paid commission on $85.126.80 @ 2%	65 56	
By amount turned over to Coll. Farley for collection	598 06	3986 83

A. L. Farley, Collector, in account with Keating Township Road Duplicate 1905.

Dr.		
To bal. due Keating twp, last auditors report bond	207 01	
To collected on exonerations bond	1 87	
To bal. due Keating twp, last auditors report special	297 02	
To collected on exonerations special	1 87	507 77
Cr.		
By exoneration on bond and special	87 97	
By amt. paid to Treasurer Gallup	367 70	
By commission on $367.70 @ 5	18 39	
By amt. due Keating Township bond and special to balance	123 65	507 77
Dr. for year 1906.		
To amount of duplicate road bond 1906	488 44	
To amount of duplicate road special 1906	186 50	
To amount of duplicate road fund	1332 14	2184 07
Cr.		
By amount returned to co. commissioners from road duplicate year 1906	25 43	
By amount paid to Treasurer Gallup bond	216 82	
By amount paid to Treasurer Gallup special	215 85	
By amount paid to Treasurer Gallup road fund	105 16	
By commission on $561.11 @ 5%	20 86	
By due Keating township to balance	1533 57	2184 07

A. R. Cory, John D. Abbey and M. S. Comes, Supervisors, in account with Keating Township for 1906

Dr.		
To amount of work duplicate road	3088 20	3088 20
Cr.		
By amount collected by Treasurer Gallup	422 77	
By amount turned over to Collector Farley for coll.	614 14	
By amount taxes worked	2051 38	3088 20

RESOURCES.		
By bal. due from Coll. Farley less exonerations and commissions	1582 57	
By bal. due in Treasurer Gallup's hands	820 12	
By amt. due from County Treasurer road fund	198 80	
By amt. due from County Treasurer road special	96 88	
By amt. due from County Treasurer road bond	96 88	
Liabilities over resources to balance	949 89	3698 23
LIABILITIES.		
To amt. of outstanding orders	17 55	
To amt. of outstanding bonds and interest	1540 00	
To amt. of outstanding judgments	1948 00	
To amt. of outstanding bills ex-Supervisor Miller	189 05	
To amt. new bills rendered M. S. Comes expense	3 51	3698 23

We, the Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts and vouchers of Treasurer P. A. Gallup and Collector A. L. Farley and Supervisors A. R. Cory, J. D. Abbey and M. S. Comes of Keating township, do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals this 21st day of March A. D. 1907.

F. L. BROCKHAM (Seal)
FL. CRAWFORD (Seal)
F. B. DIGEL (Seal)

Attest: P. H. McAHON, Town Clerk.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of Administration on the estate of David Howard, late of Corn township, McKean county, State of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been duly granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make settlement thereof without delay, and all persons having claim against said estate are requested to present the same to

MARY D. HOWARD,
Bradford Box 20, Pa.
HENRY F. HOWARD,
Corydon, N. Y., R. F. D. No. 1

March 21, 1907.

Notice.

Court of Common Pleas of McKean County

NOTICE is hereby that an application will be made to the Honorable Joseph W. Bouton, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, on the 22nd day of April, 1907, at 1.30 o'clock p. m., under an Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations, approved April 29th, 1874, and its supplements, by George B. Brown, Joshua J. Morris, John W. Logan, A. J. Esty, David Thornell, for a charter of an intended corporation to be called AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH of Bradford, Pa., the character and object of which is the public worship of Almighty God according to the faith, doctrine, discipline and usages of the AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements.

TATE & JONES,
Solicitors.

The said application for charter is now on file in the Prothonotary's Office.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gordon & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

Byron D. Hamlin, John Forrest Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa
Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Williams,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 10 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Dick, M. D., C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Dagnetion Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

DR. PIERCE
TREATS
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases.
100 Main St. BRADFORD, PA
Over Fischer's Grocery.

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 306 W. King St.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

C. A. BURDICK
Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:
The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.
Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.
C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.